

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## SOCIAL GRIEVANCES.

At periods like the present, when there is no political news from abroad, and no political excitement at home, all sorts of domestic grievances come in for a turn of public discussion. It is, indeed, evident that people take to them unwillingly, for there is a cheap excitement got out of foreign troubles and rumours much more amusing than the mere recital of miseries at one's elbow, which somehow, too, one's conscience does not feel quite easy about. But the state of the "columns" leaves no alternative; so poor curates, distressed sempstresses, fraudulent contractors, neglected peasantry, badly-managed schools and asylums, &c., &c., &c., all take their turn in succession. For our own parts, holding, as we have ever done, that it is the social state of the country which ultimately determines its political state, we see this turn of things with no regret. There is a crop of social scandals flourishing through all changes of ministry, and unconnected with them all, which, though utterly unknown to those who spend their lives in amusing themselves, are only too familiar to all who have to work for their bread. It depends, mainly, on the success with which these are attacked, whether the governing system of this country shall maintain itself, or be changed to the roots, in the way great numbers of people wish.

We suppose that the poor curates ought to have precedence—and this for the excellent reason, that their misery, as well as their social rank, is greater than that of most of the classes who are now crying out. Except the Scottish schoolmasters, whose condition is an old outstanding reproach to that kingdom, the English curates are the worst-provided body of intellectual men in Christendom. But at least the Scottish sufferers do not affect to be "gentlemen;" and, if they so please, can wear corduroys, and keep a single pig, without loss of dignity. The curate must bear some outward likeness, and his household some resemblance, to the men and homes of wealthy people; and it is in *this* that modern gentility consists. How preserve it (especially married) on £80 a-year—the pay of a pawnbroker's junior clerk? Why, a partial success in such an object can only be attained by a struggle which must half destroy the spiritual vigour of a man. The system is dead against the traditions of Europe, which endowed churches, that their servants might be free, by a modest plenty, from all such incumbrance; and its result, unchecked, will ultimately be the loss of all hold by the Church of England on the lower classes. This is the result to fight against; and, though it will involve self-sacrifice by bishops, deans, rectors, &c., as well as by the wealthy classes, we strongly advise these respectable people to make up their minds to it at once. There is no use asking for charity; the public will give nothing. There is no use petitioning Parliament; the Dissenters are strong in the boroughs, and English ministers must have votes. There is no use taunting the poor curates themselves, and saying they have no right to marry. When you abolished celibacy of clergy you held out to all your clergy the prospect of a wife. You must pay. It is a hard task, perhaps, to have to follow in the Lord's vineyard the common honesty which prevails in the vineyards of Bordeaux—but you must do it.

This is a speculative and unsettled generation; and there are some very queer characters outside your "vineyard," who have a strange eye fixed on your grapes!

It is somewhat odd, though stale, to see how the respectable Briton entrenches himself in economical doctrine when he wants to defend meanness. He says he has a *right* to get his work done cheap, and that if curates, and sempstresses, &c., are forthcoming for dog's wages, why those are all the wages he is forced to pay. But our ancestors had a notion that there was a heavenly law higher than this, coming through the heart, rather than from the head, and prompting them to do what was just

stickers always plastering them. They cannot be brought to see that whatever *is*, is not necessarily right; and that every argument they bring to defend the *status quo* which starves the curate, is available with exact logic to defend the owner of their poor friend, the Carolina nigger. That owner only acts in conformity with demand and supply, when he deals in Sambo and Uncle Tom.

On the whole, we conclude that the greediness which under-pays curates, &c., is the result of the private selfishness of individuals, and will be cured only when shame or fear avails to cure that vile passion. It would be sooner cured, if the sham-

gentility which is the curse of English life did not enlist the middle classes in the cause, and tie up the hands of the writers, who ought to be lashing social baseness. In the topsy-turvy state of modern opinion, it has become *gentled* to argue like a cheap tailor.

*A propos* of the last-named "gentlemen," the Weedon revelations have furnished us with another illustration of the starvation-of-subordinates policy. The clothing of the British army has, it seems, originated a gigantic mass of fraud. Well, inquiries are made, and with what result? Why, that the bribes were only taken by the poor ill-paid under-strappers. The highly-paid officials with Whig names did not take bribes. They only neglected the whole business, and so, of course, have nothing to be ashamed of. Sum-total—we pay the high people well for doing little, and small people poorly that they may be exposed to temptation. Here we see a double blunder, but springing out of one root. We choose members of wealthy families who must be gentle, and, therefore, pay them highly, but the very fact insures us languid officials. We pay all the inferior servants humbly, because (gentility again!) how does it matter whether they can keep up appearances or not? "Why, bless you, we do not pay the curate decently, and yet *he* is a gentleman! Shall we pamper *you*?"

The same spirit is at work in the agricultural system, and there, as in all other branches, presses hardest on those who lie lowest. The farmer is a "gentleman;" and why not? thinks he, since his landlord was only a yeoman in the last century, and since he rides as good a horse as he does? But how is a gentleman to have a mere labourer sleeping in the house and dining with him, which was the fashion of our barbarous ancestors, when the farmer took care of the peasant's savings for him, and looked after his moral character? *Nous avons changé tout cela*, as his daughters can tell him after reading Molière at the boarding-school. So the labourer may squat how he pleases, and why pay him too

well, if he will only spend the extra money in beer? The labourer accordingly goes his own way, and did you ever ask a clergyman in England or minister in Scotland what the domestic morality of the class was? The revelations in that direction, as they well know in moral Scotland, are appalling. But to allude to the condition in which their brides come to the altar, would shock all modern gentility, which (unlike the extinct and defunct gentry of these kingdoms) is secretly disgusted with much even of the Prayer-book.

We are of opinion that, some of these days, when the Emperor



INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF THE QUEEN, IN THE LEEDS TOWN HALL.

and right. Now, if anybody thinks it "just" and right" that curates should have £80 a-year, sempstresses starve, peasants shelter in mud huts on bread and lard, and so forth, he is at least logical in acting accordingly. To him the world is a market-place with which God has nothing to do, and if he can turn a penny there, well and good. But the startling thing is that the men who acquiesce in the misery of working people practically are all fellows with such beautiful sentiments! They cry about savages, and criminals, and build churches where there are no congregations. They are whitened walls with philanthropic bill-

well, if he will only spend the extra money in beer? The labourer accordingly goes his own way, and did you ever ask a clergyman in England or minister in Scotland what the domestic morality of the class was? The revelations in that direction, as they well know in moral Scotland, are appalling. But to allude to the condition in which their brides come to the altar, would shock all modern gentility, which (unlike the extinct and defunct gentry of these kingdoms) is secretly disgusted with much even of the Prayer-book.

We are of opinion that, some of these days, when the Emperor

of Morocco is not busy with anything of consequence to us, the people of England will see that it is social reform of the character indicated by these grievances, which is the master-want of England; that, at that time, it will be tired of the cant which mixes itself up with so much of the modern philanthropy, and will insist on a philanthropy less mealy-mouthed, hypocritical, and flunkeyite, and more in the spirit of Latimer or Lather. But before that day comes, and real reform gets embodied into actual Acts of Parliament, the great lesson to be learned—the present lesson, in fact—is, that legislation is not to be waited for; but, at best, is only an embodiment of some previous wisdom which the public has privately exerted by its own motion. Our incumbents and big people must not wait for a grand reform, which shall include the poor curate, but must do something, at their own cost, before. Our public must not expect that there will be any improvement in the conduct of Government officials, till a new public spirit without has set the example. And there is not an evil on which we have now touched but what is really supported by falsities in the public's own code of morals and taste—above all, by the selfishness which seems hardening like a crust over the surface of our modern society.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

THERE is little news from France. The ordinary monthly and debtor account of the Bank of France is not a little remarkable, however, for it shows an increase of five millions of francs over the amount of stock in the corresponding month of last year.

The Emperor and Empress have decided on prolonging their stay at Biarritz a week beyond the time originally fixed; the manœuvres at the camp of Châlons will therefore take place later.

### SPAIN.

A MADRID paper states that Lord Malmesbury has given to the Spanish Government full explanations of the passages in his speech in the House of Lords on the slave-trade. He disclaims all intention of offending the "noble Spanish nation;" intimating, however, a justification for complaints of those nations who have not observed the treaties on the slave-trade.

A squadron collected at Ferrol is to convey the long-threatened expedition against the Riff pirates, General Prim commander. France will co-operate with Spain in this business.

The "Leon Espanol" comments on a proclamation published in Havannah on the 27th of June, which facilitates the introduction of white foreigners into Cuba, and points out how easy it would be for an American ship to slip down from New Orleans to Havannah, with arms and ammunition enough to arm the 5,000 Yankees now in the island, and by a surprise annex it to the United States. On the other hand, the "Diario Espanol" asserts that there are only about 2,000 white foreigners in Cuba, and that these are mostly Irish railway labourers and good Catholics.

The Queen is still "progressing" with success. The ministry, of course, is in danger.

### AUSTRIA.

At Vienna, the construction of six fortified towers for the defence of the city has been commenced. They form a semicircle on the right bank of the Danube, and at one of their extremities is Mount Lobau, not far from the arsenal, and, on the other, the Fort or Mount Kahlenberg. A bridge, to be constructed over the Danube, is to be defended by two *têtes-de-pont*.

A new loan is spoken of as about to be raised by the Austrian Government. The house of Rothschild, it is said, are to be the contractors.

### PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian Chambers are to be convoked in October, to give their co-operation in the establishment of the regency. No other question will be submitted to them; all other business being left for the new Chambers, which will not be elected before the month of January. "I learn by private letters" says the Berlin correspondent of one of our contemporaries, "that immense efforts are being made among court intriguers, to delay the resignation of the King. The Archduchess Sophia and other relations endeavour to form a line of circumvallation about the effete monarch, and to galvanise him into an obstinate assertion that he yet possesses his faculties."

### RUSSIA.

IT is whispered at St. Petersburg that the Emperor waits a report from his brothers, who are engaged in inspecting the army of the Caucasus, to come to a definite resolution as to the continuance or cessation of the war in those regions. In comparing the blood which has been shed and the millions expended with the advantages gained, the latter bear no proportion to the former.

The forest fires in Russia have cut off telegraphic communications between Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Novgorod. To aggravate this disaster, a powder-magazine, containing 1,200 pounds (near 10,000 pounds), exploded at a village about seven miles from St. Petersburg, killing 100 workmen, and destroying all the houses in the vicinity. Hundreds of houses had been burnt as Moscow by fabricators of liefer matches, that trade having been so highly taxed that contraband factories had been set up—with this result.

### ITALY.

NAPLES is stirred with the news that England and France have communicated the terms on which they will resume diplomatic intercourse with Naples. A change of Ministry seems to be among these conditions, a point which the King of Naples is said to be willing to concede.

The Sicilian authorities are apprehensive of a new revolutionary attempt, and search all ships for a parcel of hand-grenades, formed into the shape and appearance of preserved fruit, which, "according to information they have received," is to be imported from Malta, and to be made use of in this attempt.

Taganli, the advocate who defended Nicotera on his trial at Salerno, has made his escape from Naples in disguise, and sought refuge in Piedmont.

The heir to the throne of Naples, the Duke of Calabria, will marry, before the end of the present year, the youngest sister of the Empress of Austria, the Princess Mary of Bavaria.

Mazzini has started a new journal at Genoa; it is called "Pensiero ed Azione." Saffi and Kossuth are among its contributors.

There is some talk of a papal pilgrimage to Palestine.

### TURKEY AND THE EAST.

LATE accounts confirm previous rumours that the Sultan was roused to a sudden explosion of anger on learning the state of his finances; and that, at the sitting of the Divan at which the reforming *hatt* was read, he overwhelmed his Ministers with invectives, declaring that, by their avarice, misgovernment, and the systematic blinding of his eyes to the condition of the empire, they had brought him to the verge of ruin. The Sultan then dismissed his brother-in-law and four of his sons-in-law. This energetic conduct appears to have had a good effect in Turkey; the news of the conclusion of a new loan in London adding to the hopeful feelings of the people. The Sultan's brother-in-law above alluded to is Mehemet Ali Pacha, Minister of Marine; he is succeeded by Mehemet Kiprishi Pacha, who was formerly ambassador at London. He is said to be strongly pro-French in his political sympathies.

The famous *hatt* (or edict) on the state of the treasury contains the following passages:—

"It has not been possible to find the necessary funds for carrying out the most urgent improvements, while productive and useful expenses had to

give way to expenses that were useless and wasteful, such as donations, high salaries, &c. The functionaries of the Government, given to luxury and ostentation, living beyond their means, have, by this conduct, prejudiced the finances of the State, prevented the increase of the greatness and prosperity of our empire, and inflicted damage on the tranquillity and prosperity of all subjects whom God has confided to our solicitude."

"It is our most lively wish to secure the progress of agriculture, of commerce, and of industry, which are all dependent upon the prosperity and wealth of our subjects. The Council, which we of late have created, composed of some ministers, will be exclusively engaged in this task. That council is charged with improving the state of the finances, in employing all possible means for avoiding waste, losses, and profitless expenditure, and for securing to our subjects, who are the principal source of the revenue of the State, tranquillity, security, and prosperity."

"We have, besides, taken the firm resolution to bestow all our care on the better regulation of our personal expenses. We enjoin, in the most solemn way, all our ministers and functionaries to watch carefully over the expenditure of the State. Whoever shall hide or tolerate any abuse, will be punished by God, and we, too, will treat him with the utmost severity for the good of our Government."

Carrying out the spirit of this manifesto, it is said "the Minister of Justice and four of the superior clerks of his department have been named intendants of the Five Sultanates." Merchants and tradesmen have been warned that "little bills" privately incurred by these ladies will not be paid.

It is positively stated in Paris that there exists a conspiracy to get rid of the present Sultan, and to replace him by his brother, Abdul Aziz. It is further stated that the conspiracy had gone so far that the majority of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople had thought proper to inform certain leading persons in the plot, that, if Abdul Aziz came to the throne by violent means, he would not be recognised by the European Powers.

The Turkish Government has nominated a commission charged to inspect the fortified places of the Russo-Turkish frontier, and to superintend their repair.

### AMERICA.

A new gold field has been discovered in Western Kansas, of which the following is the latest news:—"Considerable excitement exists in Lawrence and Kansas City in consequence of recent arrivals from the gold regions of Pike's Peak, confirming the existence of ore in abundance in that locality. The gold found is similar to that of Fraser River and California. Two men, with inferior implements, washed out 600 dollars in one week, in a small stream, fifty miles from Pike's Peak. A second Fraser River excitement is apprehended."

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the British residents of New York was held on the 30th ult., to commemorate the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. Mr. Archibald, the British Consul, presided.

The Washington correspondent of the "New York Herald" contributes the following singular piece of information:—

"The Hon. W. L. Yancey sent to the 'Richmond Inquirer' office on the 25th inst. a long letter, with the request that one of the editors of that paper would present it to Mr. Pryor, of the 'Richmond South,' for publication, and in case he refused to give it publicity, to demand it for publication in the 'Inquirer.' It charges Mr. Pryor, as I understand, with having betrayed the disunion party of the south, and with having violated certain conditions proposed by him on the subject of disunion."

"It appears that a disunion league was formed, of which Mr. Pryor was a member. The understanding was that the league should appoint a committee to negotiate certain arrangements with England in the way of a protectorate, direct trade, &c., and after these arrangements were perfected, Yancey was immediately to follow. Mr. Pryor was at first to make a heraldic show of preference for the north, and, after little dodging, to carry Virginia in favour of the disunion project. He agreed, in other words, that she should not join the southern confederacy at the outset, but that he would bring her in after a slight show of favour for a league with the north."

A destructive tornado recently visited several of the towns in Ulster County, New York State, destroying everything in its course, tearing up trees, demolishing buildings, fences, and blowing down dwellings.

Yellow fever continued to commit fearful ravages at New Orleans. The deaths from that disease during the week ending August 23 were 102, and on the 31st alone there were 92 fatal cases.

"Brigham Young's financial affairs," says the New York "Tribune," "appear to be in a sad plight. The prophet has heretofore induced the people to give up their gold and silver, and receive in exchange notes of the Deseret Currency Association. The Gentile merchants, however, have refused to take these notes, which consequently were depreciated in value; finally, the Mormon leaders repudiated their own drafts. The Indian tribes in Utah are becoming troublesome. It is believed that they have been invited to insubordination by the Mormons for the purpose of diverting the attention of the army from themselves."

### CANADA.

ACCOUNTS from Toronto of the 28th ult., state that Mr. George Brown had been re-elected to Parliament for that city after a severe contest. His success restores him to the seat he vacated a few weeks previous by accepting the office of Premier in the short-lived Brown-Derion Ministry.

THE PARIS PAPERS were warned not to insert or to notice the will of the Duke of Orleans. Two Belgian journals which contained it were promptly seized by the French police.

THE JEWS IN PRUSSIA do not enjoy all the rights which they do in France, but there, as elsewhere, the course of religious equality is making progress. A recent decision of the Minister of Justice in Prussia has conferred, for the first time, on a Jew the functions of notary and advocate.

BARON LARIBÉ, principal army surgeon, in a report to the Emperor, states that at the camp of Châlons only four men out of 22,000 have died in the space of two months, owing to the hygienic precautions adopted. (7)

THE CONGREGATION OF SACRED RITES AT ROME has confirmed the beatification of the venerable Jeanne de Lestonnac, Montaigne's niece, who founded a religious order, and died in the odour of sanctity. Jeanne was previously married, and had seven children.

THE "PRESS" thinks that France ought to lose no time in laying down an Atlantic telegraph of her own; but it fears much that, as in the case of the Transatlantic packet, a vote for which was obtained by M. Thiers eighteen years ago, the thing will be talked of long enough before anything will be done.

M. HENRI DE PINE, of the "Figaro," who was so dangerously wounded by Lieutenant Hyacinthe in a scalded duel, has taken up the pen again, and writes a letter to the Brussels journal, "Le Noir," from the baths of Nauheim, in Germany. He says that he is now restored to perfect health.

THE ODESSA JOURNALS announce the arrival of Lady Franklin in that place.

A SLAVE WOMAN in Kentucky recently took her new-born infant by the heels and dashed its brains out. When accused of the murder, she declared that she "would not enslave children to work for others all their lives." We also read in the "Nashville Daily News" that a Mrs. Long has caused one of her women slaves to be beaten to death.

ONE WESTERN EDITOR, writing about the Atlantic Telegraph, begins thus:—"The world is finished, its spinal cord is laid, and it now begins to think. A living nerve has been unbound from the Anglo-Saxon heart, and tied in a true-life-knot between the Old World and the New."

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT has definitely refused to grant permission to the Hungarian Protestants to constitute themselves into an independent religious community.

THE SPANISH JOURNALS notify that any persons found guilty of introducing anti-Catholic books and pamphlets, will be punished as the law directs; that is, with hard labour for life. The publications here alluded to are said to be smuggled into Spain from Gibraltar.

M. MACHNOVSKY, who played an important political part in Greece, and was at one time Minister, is dead.

A PIRATE OF SPAIN was some time ago hunting in a jungle, near King William's Town, British Kaffraria, when suddenly one of them heard a crack in the grass, and, seeing a dark object in advance, he fired, and shot a friend, named Corry, who had made a circuit, and was coming to join his companions. The wounded man died soon afterwards.

YANKEE HIGHLANDERS!—A movement has been set on foot in New York for the formation of a native Highland regiment. It is proposed to adopt the uniform of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, and the only thing now wanting for the embodiment of a full regiment in "the garb of old Gaid" is a charter from the State.

### THE INDIAN REVOLT.

A TELEGRAM has been received at the East India House, dated Allahabad, 6th August; it says:—

"The column under Sir Hope Grant reached Fyzabad on the 2nd July, just in time to see the last boats of the rebels crossing the Ganges. No opposition was attempted by the rebels either at Fyzabad or on the march of the column to that city. Rajah Maun Singh (who seems to have been besieged by the rebels) joined the British at Fyzabad on the 5th of July. The great bulk of the rebels have now been besieging Shalgung, have retired across the Gogra, and the 1st division have rejoined the Begum, who is with the 2nd division. A portion of the rebels have gone towards Sultanpore. The merchants at Fyzabad re-opened their shops, and commerce is being restored. The fort of Byspore was abandoned by its garrison on the approach of Colonel Berkeley's column, and is now being destroyed. Bence Madhoo is said to be encamped near Kalikunkur, on the bank of the Ganges."

"The Gazeppore district and frontier portion of the Azimgulhilla district are in a disturbed state; the remainder of the division is quiet. The Gorakhpore district is also settling down, the advance of our troops having caused the retreat into Bareilly of most of the rebels who infested the Almora Pergunnah."

"The Allahabad division generally is quite quiet. The small *Burhanpore*, on its way downwards from Cawnpore, was held from the Oude bank of the Ganges, near Dundera, and at Kallikunkur. A party of Madras sepoys have since destroyed the villages near Dundera, from which the firing proceeded. The *Burhanpore* has been taken on board at Allahabad two 12-pounder howitzers and 100 men of the native police, under the command of Captain Donnelly, proceeded onwards again to search for and destroy the boats of the rebels. Two boats were captured. They were opposed at Manikpore, where a party collected a body of about 800 men with two guns. Captain Donnelly landed his men, and, under fire of the howitzers, cleared the three neighbouring villages. The police behaved remarkably well. Seven men were wounded—two severely. The rebels lost about thirty-one men killed. They are said to have been commanded by Bence Madhoo's brother, and were driven back on Kallikunkur."

"A thana in the Shalampore district has been burned by a party of rebels from Oude. With this exception, and the portion of the Phillibool frontier which borders on the Oude territory, the remainder of the division is tranquil."

"There is nothing of importance to communicate from the Meerut, and Kunnon divisions."

"The Bhopal division is much disturbed. The rebels between Betwa and Tessa rivers have increased in number, and have made incursions in the Jalaun district. Jabal itself is threatened by rebels. A detachment from Calpee has marched to its relief."

"The Jubbulpore division is settling down, though in the Dindigul district there are still several bodies of rebels."

"In Central India and Rajpootana, the fugitive rebels under Tewar and Tewar and the Nawab of Bania, when last heard of, had escaped to Meywar by a route impassable for guns. General Roberts was moving so as to cover Nosseerabad and Aimer.

"Nothing new from Bengal, Punjib, Nagpore, or Hyderabad."

In a supplementary message we read:—"It is reported that General Roberts came up with the Gwalior rebels on the 13th of August, crossed from Nathwab (7), defeated them, took their four guns and four ammunition wagons. The enemy's loss severe in killed, British casualties few. The enemy fled south."

### THE RELIEF OF MAUN SINGH.

The "Times" correspondent says:—"The relief of Maun Singh, besieged in his castle of Shalgung, was effected with much ease, without discomfort or loss to the English troops, who, however, had once more to regret that the enemy would not stand up to meet them. In truth, the overthrow of Nawabgung was too fresh in the memory of the rebels to allow of their showing front to the song Ganga, and the same troops from whom they on that day so severely suffered. They had not forgotten the charge of the 7th Hussars, nor the battle of their brigadier. It was on the 20th of July apparently that Sir Hope Grant moved from Lucknow, for the eastward, taking with him the 7th and Hodson's Horse, the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, the Madras Fusiliers, and the 1st Punjabies, with twelve pieces of light siege artillery. On the 28th, he was within fourteen miles of Fyzabad. Shalgung, the object of his expedition, lies twelve miles south of Fyzabad, and therefore the relieving army had now but twenty-six miles, or two marches, to get over to bring them upon the rebels. The latter now thought it fully time to provide for their safety, and accordingly dispersed. They were some 23,000 strong, it is estimated, and were commanded by Mehdiee Hoosain, one of the principal of the rebel leaders in Oude. But they had failed in more than one assault upon the lofty and massive, though dilapidated, mud wall which sheltered their countrymen, and at once to maintain the siege or blockade and oppose a British army advancing to raise it, was more than they dared. They broke up into three divisions. Of these one is stated in an Allahabad Government message to have marched for Fyzabad. But this first supposition was erroneous. The object of the enemy was to avoid, not to meet, the covering English column. Consequently the direction of the movements was south or south-east. Two divisions apparently moved down to Sultanpore, on the Gogra, while the third fell back along the right bank of the Gogra upon a town called Kanda. The Sultanpore force proceeded to cross the Gogra, and a fierce garrisoning of rebels thereupon took place at Hassanpore, some three miles from the river. Sir Hope Grant detached, or soon after, the 12th of August, within twenty-four miles of Nosseerabad again. In this he had entered and occupied the city of Fyzabad, the original seat of the late reigning family of Oude, before Asut-ud-Dowlah settled at the little village on the Gogra, which in less than a century grew into the stately city of Lucknow. Hither, on the day following, the 30th of July, repaired to the camp of the British General the relieved force of Maun Singh."

### GENERAL ROBERTS'S SUCCESS.

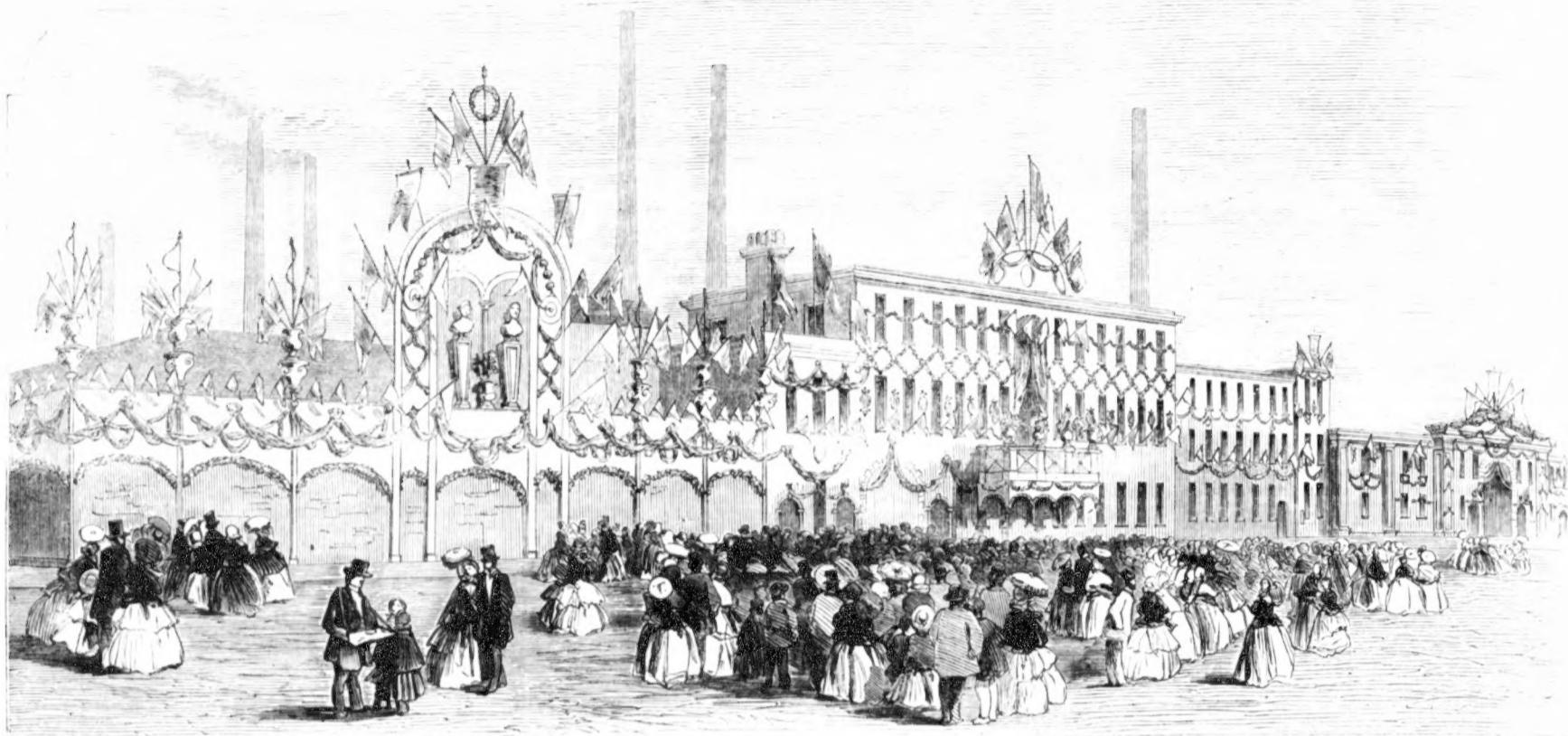
When the last mail left Bombay, General Roberts had last been heard of at Tonk, while Colonel Holmes, with a small flying column, was in advance somewhere about Boondie, and the fugitive rebels were supposed to be making for the fortress of Mandulghur, some thirty miles west of Kotah, and seventy north of Neemuch. On the 25th of July, Roberts broke up from Tonk, crossed the Bunass just before it rose to an impassable height, and marching to the westward, was, on the 1st of August, within twenty-four miles of Nosseerabad again. In this he turned downward toward Oudeypore, upon which point the rebels seemed to be now tending, having outstripped Colonel Holmes, whose want of carriage and the saturated soil. On the 8th Roberts came up with the enemy at five in the afternoon, after a march of just nine miles. Striking the Koteshwar river near Sanganeer, he saw them drawn up from the field with less, but his exhausted men could not follow them far. The next day (apparently) Colonel Holmes rejoined the General. The rebels fled towards Oudeypore. Roberts followed, and caught them at a village called Kotare, a few miles north of the town of Nathwab, twenty miles above Oudeypore. His victory was complete. The four guns carried off from Tonk fell into his hands, with ammunition and stores. The enemy suffered heavily, while the casualties of the victors were few. The enemy were scattered in several directions, but seemed most to be going towards the south-east. Cavalry and horse-artillery went in pursuit.

### RADICALS FROM THE PUNJAB.

A letter, dated August 9, says information has been received of a Court of Inquiry at Dera Ismail Khan, in the Punjab of a somewhat gloomy character. "The following account is evidence elicited at a Court of Inquiry at Dera Ismail Khan, is, but not too accurate":—

"On July 19, the 18th Punjab Infantry mutinied at Dera Ismail Khan, and a Court of Inquiry, which was still sitting three days later, on the 22nd, several important circumstances,





WORKS OF THE MAYOR OF LEEDS.

## HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO LEEDS.

In the "Illustrated Times" of last week, we gave a full report of the Queen's visit to Leeds; and in that report will be found a description of most of the scenes and objects connected with her Majesty's visit which we illustrate in the present number: especially the Town Hall, with its arrangements and decorations, external and internal, was described with full particularity. As for the statue of her Majesty in the vestibule of the Hall, the engraving on the following page sufficiently speaks for it.

## THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE.

The inauguration of the statue—purchased by the Mayor for 1,000 guineas and presented to the town—took place on the Saturday previous to the Queen's visit. We give an account of the proceedings.

The Mayor (now Sir P. Fairbairn) presided at the meeting, and there was a full attendance of the Council. Several ladies, including the Mayoress, were also present. His Worship first subscribed the deed of gift, which was afterwards read by the Town Clerk. Then the Mayor left the chair; it was taken by Alderman Botherill, chairman of the Town Hall Committee, and then Alderman Lucecock moved—

"That the cordial and heartfelt thanks of the Council be and are hereby given to his worship the Mayor of Leeds, for the marble statue of her Majesty, which has this day been placed in the Town Hall, and which will fitly commemorate the inauguration of the hall."

Councillor Beecroft, M.P., seconded the resolution. He said—*"Mr. Mayor, your fellow-townsmen are greatly indebted to you for the handsome, valuable, and appropriate present you have made to the town. Your magnificent Town Hall is now fitly adorned with a statue of her gracious Majesty, and the gift will be handed down to posterity as a memento of your munificence. You have spared neither trouble nor expense in endeavouring to honour the visit of her Majesty, and this is the crowning act of all."*

Alderman Botherill said it must give every one great pleasure to have

had the opportunity of taking part in the proceedings of that day, and to have received the gift to the town which had been so munificently and handsomely made by the Mayor. The statue has been considered to be a graceful appendage of the building, and he had no doubt that the inhabitants of Leeds would be proud of it for years to come. He had no doubt that the resolution would be unanimously carried.

The resolution was then put, and carried by acclamation. In reply to the motion,

The Mayor said—*"Mr. Alderman Botherill, Ladies and Gentlemen, I can assure you that I feel so deeply on this occasion that I can scarcely find words to give expression to my feelings. In conveying this statue to you, gentlemen of the Leeds corporation, which I have done with the greatest pleasure, because I considered that the vestibule of this noble hall required ornamentation, I thought that no statue could so fitly adorn it as one of her Majesty. I dare scarcely trust myself to give expression to my feelings, because, in speaking of her Majesty, everybody knows her virtues and her charities, and that she is one of the greatest sovereigns in the universe. Therefore, gentlemen, I feel that to laud her Majesty, either as a queen or a mother, is perfectly unnecessary to such a corporation as the corporation of Leeds, and I feel that the hall would not be complete without this statue of her Majesty. The work speaks for itself and for my friend the sculptor, Mr. Noble, in such a way that it is unnecessary for me to say anything respecting it, and I am also proud to think that it is the handiwork of a brother Yorkshireman. I believe that there is no person, either high or low, who has seen it, but who is delighted with it."* The Mayor concluded his address by paying a compliment to the Leeds corporation, and sat down amid roars of applause.

Alderman George moved that the preceding resolution be engrossed on vellum, and, along with a duplicate of the deed of gift, be presented to the Mayor of Leeds. It was the heartfelt desire of every one present that this memento should be preserved in the family of the Mayor, not

only as a mark of the munificent liberality he had shown, but also as a memorial of the good wishes and high regard which every member of the corporation felt towards his Worship.

Councillor Carter seconded the motion, and, on behalf of the councillors, begged to assure his Worship that they were as hearty in their thanks as the aldermen. He believed the statue would be universally conceded to be an exquisite work of art; and when it was remembered that it had cost one sixtieth-part of the whole building, and had been contributed by a single gentleman, the town could not be sufficiently grateful for the gift.

The motion was carried unanimously; three cheers were given for her Majesty, the same compliment was awarded to the Mayoress, and the proceedings terminated.

## HER MAJESTY AT WOODSLEY HOUSE.

Woodsley House, where her Majesty sojourned at Leeds, is, as we have already said, not a very remarkable edifice, viewed exteriorly, but like many another unpretentious mansion, it is full of elegance and comfort within doors. The whole building was redecorated last winter, and it is evident at a glance that money has been lavished upon it with an unsparring hand. The dining-room is a perfect little bijou in the Italian style. In the drawing-room one is at a loss which most to admire, the magnificence of the details or the perfect harmony and good taste of the whole. The vestibule and hall, too, are exceedingly well-proportioned, furnished in excellent taste, and adorned with some noble specimens of the English school of painting. Certainly neither at Stoneleigh Abbey, nor even at Worsley Hall, were the preparations at all superior to those which were made for her Majesty at Woodsley House. The grounds round the house are varied and beautiful, and in the most exquisite order.

## THE MAYOR'S FACTORY.

Besides Woodsley House, another of the Mayor's possessions put on a festive appearance in honour of the Queen's visit. His factory



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT WOODSLEY HOUSE

was most handsomely decorated; and of course her Majesty's route was so arranged that the splendid appearance it presented was not lost upon her. Indeed, it has been commented that to serve this end, the Queen's route was not only exceedingly round-about, but was unfavourably chosen for showing Leeds to the Queen, however well calculated for showing the Queen to Leeds. At the same time, it is justice to the Mayor to state, that he did his utmost to render his works a most effective object in the route. The whole front was decorated with wreaths of evergreens and festoons of coloured drapery, interspersed with banners and devices. In the centre was a canopied balcony erected for a band, surmounted with trophies and heraldic arms. The entrance to the building was not less elaborately decorated. Its wall at one side was covered with floral arches, supported by pillars, and containing vases filled with ferns and flowing banners.

Here we add a little piece of information for the satisfaction of our readers of the gentler sex. When her Majesty opened the Leeds Town Hall and rode through the streets in procession, she wore a rich silk dress of a delicate tint of lavender, with flounces of pale chiné flowers on a white ground; also a mantle of white silk, richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. The bonnet was white, trimmed with white flowers and green leaves, and a white val. She wore maize-coloured kid gloves, and carried a fan. The young Princesses wore silk dresses with a green chintz pattern on a white ground, with stone-coloured silk jackets, and straw bonnets trimmed with green, and white full veils.

#### THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND.

ONCE again the Queen is quietly located among her High-and subjects at Balmoral. The Royal party reached the castle shortly after six o'clock on Wednesday evening. On the journey from Leeds, by rail and road, it stopped for a while at the Ferryhill Station, Banchory, Aboyne, and Ballater; at all which places the Queen was received with the heartiest demonstrations of loyalty and love. Ballater was reached at a quarter-past five—an hour which allowed timely opportunity to the many lady and gentleman lodgers—to say nothing of the respected inhabitants of the village—to duly dress and dine, so that they might look well and contented when her Majesty came. The company in waiting was numerous and respectable, and the interest was materially heightened here by the presence of a fine body of some sixty men of the 78th Highlanders from Aberdeen, who are to remain at Ballater, as a guard of honour to her Majesty during the Royal stay in the Highlands. The Royal party only remained long enough to change horses, and then drove off amid hearty cheers, crossing the bridge of Ballater, and thus proceeding by the south side of the river to the castle. It was anticipated that her Majesty, as formerly, would have taken the north approach. Ballater, it may be noted, seems to be gaining, if that be possible, in popularity, the number of visitors and summer residents during the past few months have been unprecedentedly great.

Travellers leaving Ballater about the same time as the Queen, but holding on their way to Braemar by the north side of the river, at Crathie, met many pleasure-seekers, in dog-carts and on foot, who had come down from the country to see her Majesty pass to the palace. Otherwise than obtaining a hasty glimpse of the *cortège* at a distance as it drew up at the castle, they were disappointed, from the opposite approach being chosen. They consoled themselves, however, with a fine view of the castle, which is now apparently quite finished, and presents a noble and beautifully clean appearance. There is still some building going on about the outbuildings, of which there is quite a colony, but it is difficult to conceive how anything further can be done in the way of pleasure walk and lawn adornment, so charmingly are the grounds around the palace and along the river laid out. A fine new bridge, erected over the Dee as a private entrance to the castle, and across which it was expected her Majesty would drive, is completed, and has an excellent effect from the turnpike. It is constructed after designs by Mr. Brunel, on the principle of the tubular bridge at the Menai Straits; has a span of 165 feet, and contains somewhere nearly 90 tons of iron. It was built at the sole expense of the Prince Consort.

In the evening, visitors strolling through the village were attracted eastwards by the sound of pipes and drums coming up by the way of the old Castle of Braemar. Soon a numerous body of men, clad in the Highland garb, were seen approaching in marching order—marshalled by a gallant gentleman on horseback. Sir Charles Forbes, of Newe, was the gallant gentleman, and the Highlanders were the Strathdon and Craigievar men, who had come over the hills on their way to join the Duff Highlanders, at Mar Lodge, preparatory to a great gathering on the following Friday. The men, numbering in all from 120 to 130, were armed with pikes, and being stately-looking fellows, presented a fine military appearance. They reached Mar Lodge (hitherto known as Corriemulzie Cottage) about eight o'clock, where they were received with ringing cheers by some fifty of the Duff men, who had assembled to give them welcome. The whole body proceeded to a field in front of the lodge, where tents had been pitched, fires lighted, and preparations made for passing the night. When assembled in the field, lusty cheers were given in honour of Lord Fife, the Countess of Fife, and other members of the family; and to Sir Charles Forbes, and Sir William Forbes.

At this moment the scene was very picturesque and exciting. It was quite dark—the only light thrown on the bearded and buckled assemblage in the valley being that thrown from a huge bonfire which blazed and crackled in the centre of the camp-ground; while in the distance you could just see the grim outline of the hills which surround this magnificent strath. From the various points might be heard the pipes of M'Lellan, Campbell, and Mearns, sounding blithely and bonnily. By and by silence stole over the camp, the music ceased, and the fire, which in its fierceness had hitherto defied eager smokers to snatch a needful stalk, began to burn low and dim. The night was, as the day had been, beautiful; and so quiet became everything around, that you could catch the sough of the Dee as it rolled seawards, or the tinkling of the water at the fairy-like fall of Corriemulzie.

Next day was, on the whole, rather unfavourable for the gathering preparations. There were frequent and heavy showers, and the wind blew rough and sharp. Notwithstanding this, however, the men went through regular drill on the camp-ground with much ardour and precision. There were also, at intervals, friendly contests among the throwers, climbers, and jumpers, by way of getting the sinews and joints into order for the competition of next day. In the evening, a grand ball was given by the Countess of Fife, in a splendidly-decorated marquee. The company was very numerous, and what with the rich dresses and uniforms, the commingling of the various tartans, in which many, both ladies and gentlemen, were clad, and tasteful festoons and



STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN THE LEEDS TOWN HALL.



## FATAL CONFLAGRATIONS.

On Sunday morning, a fire broke out at the residence of Mr. Roper, a merchant, at Greenwich. When the fire was discovered, Mr. Roper, his wife and infant (Mrs. Roper having only been confined three days before), accompanied by the nurse, in their night-clothes, made their escape through a street door. There then remained in the house, however, two children, and a nurse-girl, about fifteen years of age, sleeping in the front attic. The flames gained on the building, and the servant girl, escaping by the window, got upon the roof, screaming frantically, and was only kept from throwing herself into the street by an assurance that the fire-escape was safe. A police-constable now made an attempt to enter the attic, but the heat was excessive, and he was obliged to abandon the attempt. The flames were fast encircling the girl on the roof, when the fire-escape arrived, and the poor creature was rescued, but not before she had been severely scalded about the legs and arms. Soon afterwards the roof fell in, and all hope of saving the two children were at an end. Every exertion was, therefore, made to prevent the flames extending to the adjoining building, and finally the fire was subdued. A search was afterwards made among the ruins, and the bodies, or rather the charred remains, of the two unfortunate children were found together, having fallen through from the front attic, on the bed upon which they had been sleeping, into the shop, thus confirming the supposition that death must have resulted from suffocation. An inquest was held next day on the bodies of the children. The evidence was to the effect that had the fire-escape been brought up immediately the two children might have been saved. Great blame was thrown on the officer in charge of the fire-escape. The policeman who went to the scene stated that he found him asleep in his box, and that he had apparently been drinking. The inquest was adjourned.

A conflagration occurred on Tuesday night in the extensive range of premises belonging to the East London Plate and Sheet Glass Company, in Union Street, Whitechapel. The premises in which the disaster began were two-storeys high, and contained a great quantity of property. The workshops and workshops, together with their contents, were nearly destroyed. The loss is very heavy, as the top of the workshops was filled with glass and valuable woods, all of which have been consumed.

The premises of Mr. Macrae, a tea-dealer, of Walworth Road, were burnt on Tuesday morning. A fire-escape with the attendant arrived just in time to rescue two persons from the flames; one poor woman was brought out of the house insensible.

At a RECENT SALE of a celebrated cellar of wines, belonging to Mr. A. Clark, a lunatic, some magnum of dry port of Quarles Harris, bottled in 1828, by Dr. Chafy, Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, were knocked down at 70s. to 71s. per magnum, or 35s. per bottle. Some other wines fetched extraordinary prices.

PROFESSOR RANKE has finished the first volume of his "History of England during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries."

THE INSECT WORLD.—M. Bertsch, a photographer, has obtained a photograph of the parasite of an insect which is itself a parasite of the bee. This insect, which has been magnified to a million of times its size in surface, is armed with a shell not unlike that of a tortoise. Its paws are armed with suckers and claws, which enable it to cling with immense force to the parasite on which it feeds.—Galigani.

PALMERSTON ABROAD.—The "Nord" of Brussels says that one evening, when Lord Palmerston, M. Thiers, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe met at the Hotel Bristol in Paris the conversation turned on the state of Turkey; and M. Thiers asked Lord Palmerston if he thought the "sick man" was about to die. The English statesman replied, according to his custom, by a maxim: "I was one day walking in the streets of London," said he, "when a person told me that my pocket-handkerchief was hanging out of my pocket, and that I should lose it. 'Thank you, sir,' I answered, 'but I have that unless some one pulls it out it will not fall.' Turkey is in the same position—if she be not thrown down she will maintain herself perfectly."

A RICH ANTIQUARIAN DEPOSIT.—A peat bog near Suder-Braun, in Schleswig (Schleswig) proves to be a rich mine for antiquarians. "It is thought that a small army, on its passage over the ice (not in battle), was buried here by breaking in. Nowhere has organic substances, such as wood, leather, &c., been preserved better. The arrows, lances, bows, shields, and so on, buried on this spot some two thousand years ago, are as perfect and undamaged as if they had been intrusted to the ground only a twelvemonths since. Whether they will stand the exposure to the air we can see. For the present, they are preserved in spirits, and exhibited in the Town Hall at Flensburg."

RETURN OF A DISTINGUISHED FUGITIVE.—On Sunday night, a tall man, with rather a stooping gait, and about sixty years of age, entered a public room at the West End of the metropolis. He was dressed from head to foot in a suit of shepherd's plaid, and carried a small carpet-bag. From his exposure to wind and weather his features were well bronzed, and his appearance, which in such a place was rather calculated to attract notice, suggested the notion of a Highland sheep farmer. To every person in the room, save one perhaps, he was an utter stranger, and yet he had a reputation which of its kind may be said to have been at one time, if not now, world-wide. For full three months of the present year his exploits and those of his confederates were a theme of conversation throughout all Europe, and his presence was so much in demand in this metropolis that the government offered a reward of £200 for his capture. He contrived, however, to baffle all attempts at apprehension, and now—the storm over, the fugitive returns to his native country a free man, and one would hope a sadder and wiser one. "The man with the carpet-bag" was no other than the versatile Thomas Allsop. There is no doubt that Mr. Allsop has been in London for a week or two, though he has escaped observation until now by all save his own immediate relatives and a few others. It is said that on quitting this country he went first to the United States, and after remaining there some time proceeded to Mexico, and thence again to California. From California, so soon as he found it was safe for him to do so, he returned direct to England. Mr. Allsop was at one time a member of the Stock Exchange and resided at Nutfield House, near Reigate, his own property. He formerly lived at Redhill, in the vicinity of London. In 1847, when Feargus O'Connor propounded his small allotment scheme, he adopted the views of the Chartist leader in that respect, and joined in submitting the project to a practical trial on the estate at Redhill, but it failed, as it did everywhere else.

THE QUEEN AND THE CANADIANS.—The Canadians recently presented a petition to her Majesty, praying that, as she had been pleased to honour the inauguration of similar undertakings in England and elsewhere with her seal, she would give authority to the Prince of Wales, or some other member of the Royal family, to proceed to Toronto and represent her at the opening of a Crystal Palace now in the course of erection there. This document was signed by upwards of 180 of the chief citizens of Toronto and inhabitants of other parts of Canada, including, among others, Sir Alan McNab, the Hon. N. T. Belneau, the Speaker, and twenty-five members of the Legislative Council; the Hon. Henry Smith, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; Mr. Brown, the recent Premier; Mr. Macdonald, the present head of the Government, and a large number of men of all parties in that branch of the Legislature; Chancellor Buxton and eight other of the judges, and several military authorities high in command. Unfortunately, the petitioners presented their memorial through the person who suggested it, instead of by the Governor's hands. This seems to have detracted from its weight; but, "in consideration of the eminence of the persons whose names are attached to the petition," Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer laid it before her Majesty, who has declined the request of her Canadian subjects. We are sorry it could not be ordered otherwise, and heartily sympathise with the disengaged Canadians.

THE DAY AFTER THE POLL.—James A. Jones, of Ouachita, in Arkansas, a defeated candidate at the recent election of a member of Congress, has addressed an address, in which he says:—"We evidently cast our pearls before swine. We magnanimously, and at a considerable sacrifice of our national self-respect, offered to serve a people who had no appreciation of the offering. We can't help it. We didn't make the people, and are not under contract to supply them with bread. If they were wilfully blind to our merit, the fault is theirs. We did our duty, and our cause is easy."

DELIVERANCE OF A WHITE WOMAN FROM SLAVERY.—We take the following story from a Kentucky journal:—Ann Goddard is a handsome young woman about twenty-one years of age, perfectly white, with long, wavy, and straight hair, graceful and easy in manners, and having all the appearance of an accomplished and well-raised lady. Her features bear the highest marks of European perfection, and there was not the least indication of African blood in her veins. She brought a suit for her freedom, alleging that she had been forcibly arrested and lodged in a negro prison under the claim of the defendant, Mary Goddard, that she was a slave, when in truth she was a free white woman." When the jury was sworn, the plaintiff simply claimed that her appearance was prima facie evidence of her freedom, and the presumption thus being raised, of course the burden of proof rested upon the defendant to prove her a slave. An attempt was made by the defendant to prove her the daughter of a mulatto named Martha, by whom the plaintiff had been reared from infancy, but in this she did not succeed, as no witness was introduced who was present at the birth of the child. The jury brought in their verdict to the effect that she was a "free white woman."

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

## THE LAST NEW BUGBEAR.

SOME of our contemporaries have lately been making an effort, which, in a merely professional way, is even laudable. The period is exceedingly dull, and they want to give us a topic and an excitement; so they have begun to bring out the great Northern Bogey again. Russia, it seems, wants a packet-station of some kind in the Mediterranean, and is bargaining—or has bargained—with Sardinia for the locality. Hereupon, the whole question of that "ambitious Power's" proceedings is opened up once more, and we are threatened with her ascendancy in the neighbourhood of Malta, and the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire.

This is a cynical age, and we are all preternaturally knowing and suspicious; so we shall be excused for hinting that we do not quite like the tag or moral which follows after these discourses. That moral is, *Bring back Puff!* Now, it certainly looks as if this part of the object were real, and all the rest merely fictitious. For the clever Viscount was really dismissed from power precisely because he had not watched and snubbed the despots quite enough; yet, here we are asked to recall him, for fear that they should become alarming again. If our watchful friends were *in earnest* in their apprehensions, they could not possibly call out for an old gentleman who is as firm an enemy of change of the liberal kind in Europe as there is alive, and who proved it, the moment he thought his popularity overwhelming, by an alliance, strict and special, with the most thorough-going absolutist in the world.

But we need scarcely linger among these party tricks, which are utterly stale. There is some interest in the question, What may come of Russia's occupation of Villafranca? and, in a dull time, the event comes like a god-send. Yet it ought not to surprise us, now; for, years past, we were informed that Russia meant to start a line of steamers to connect her southern ports with the ports of the Mediterranean; and that she should get a station in the latter region would surely seem a natural consequence. She has always had a few men-of-war in the Mediterranean, and has otherwise kept up a connection with it. The theory is, that every Power has a right to take what she can get in the way of treaty and for the general advance of her commercial interests and position, only that rival powers reserve the right of taking care of themselves. We must have a mean opinion of our own capabilities, and a very vast one of those of Russia, if we go into a panic because she buys one harbour, for good cash, between Gibraltar and the Arches. We possess in the Mediterranean line of vast strongholds—Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu; we have always some men-of-war about Italy, the Ionian Islands, Athens, Syria, and North Africa; and what have we got to be afraid of? Russia can send no vessels of war from the Black Sea; and, wherever else they come from, they will soon be known all about. But the real truth is, that, if we could not thrash her in the Mediterranean, it would be to very little purpose our being there at all, and that one harbour (placed, too, where it is, under the direct surveillance of Sardinia) will do little towards turning the scale against us. On the other hand, it is our interest that she should be tempted to trade, and to get into mercantile relations with other countries. It is her merely military and isolated character which makes her dangerous. As she mixes her dealings with the world, she will mix her interests with it; and as she gets modernised, her internal condition will become more pressing in its demands upon her rulers. War is war, and peace—peace. It is as absurd to assail every effort made by another state to benefit itself, because it *indirectly* tends to make her stronger for fighting purposes, as it would be to refuse to send her calico or pottery.

It is certainly true that Russia and France are on good terms just now—but so are France and ourselves; and it is the policy of the French Emperor to be friendly with everybody. The serif question gives the Czar quite enough trouble; and Napoleon has his own tasks in trying to teach the French nation common sense about trade questions, and in guarding against a quite

possible anti-Bonapartist *rapprochement* between the Orleanists and the Republicans. The more we raise bugbears about foreign politics, the more we retard improvement at home, emancipation in Russia, and domestic quiet in France. These may seem small objects to some people, in comparison with the great object of injuring the present Government for the benefit of Lord Palmerston; but, with due submission, we cannot think so. Lord Palmerston has played his game, and lost; and now his admirers want to raise a scuffle, that he may escape payment in the confusion. It is an old gambling trick. It is odd that it should be just now the trick even of a violent section of Liberals; for, if Liberalism has done anything with success yet, it has precisely been the widening the circle of interest in political matters, till it has taken in the vast majority of the nation. But this very widening has had the good effect of creating a public too extensive to be influenced by mere questions of party and cliques. So long as there is a ministry of honourable, intelligent, and working persons, listening to all suggestions and sympathetic with all classes, the country will be no more to be frightened than cajoled back into an exhausted system of personal agitation. It will not lose its wits about a packet-station at Villafranca, which would be shut like a rat-hole the moment such step was necessary. And perhaps some facetious persons, who remember which of our morning contemporaries has been the most "alarmed" at the event, will smile at the whole story as at "A Tale of a Tub."

## "I AM TEAR'EM."

MR. ROEBUCK's speech at the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield, overtook me in the woods far away from London, and when I read it I could hardly refrain from disturbing the profound calm of the forest, scaring the wood-pigeons, setting the jays screaming, and waking the echoes by a cacophonous explosion. I am, as you know, well acquainted with the Honourable Member for Sheffield. Some scores, perhaps hundreds, of times have I heard him address the House of Commons—and I must say I am always glad to see him rise and give a lively parenthesis in the long and tedious dulness of the evening's debate. For whatever else Mr. Roebuck may be, he is always lively. But what made me so inclined to laugh when I read this particular address, was the exceedingly appropriate name which Mr. Roebuck gave to himself. "I am 'Tear'em,'" said the Honourable Gentleman; and I venture to assert that since the days of John Bunyan, who was the best inventor of names that ever lived, no novelist, story-teller, or weaver of allegories, has ever hit upon so capital an appellation as this. It is exact and admits of no improvement. To *tear'em* is the Honourable Member's nature, and "Tear'em" ought to be his name. Search all the dictionaries that ever were compiled, and you will discover no name that fits Mr. Roebuck like "Tear'em." All names once had a meaning; all were originally descriptive of those who bore them; and if Mr. Roebuck had delivered the speech when surnames were not common, he would infallibly have fastened this name upon himself and all succeeding generations of his family. "I am 'Tear'em'!" Yes, Mr. Roebuck, you are! and if you had studied yourself for years you could not have described yourself better. Indeed, it is a wonderful instance of self-knowledge, this—very uncommon indeed. For I need hardly say that self-knowledge is the exception, and not the rule, amongst the children of men, and, I think, especially so in the House of Commons. For instance, old Mr. S. thinks himself a prophet; whereas, alas! he is only a bore. And so does Mr. N., whilst his proper sphere is the hunting-field, and his avocation to "ride across the country." Mr. D. G. is for ever fancying that his mission is specially to enlighten the House, albeit he never can do anything but make it groan and laugh. And so I might go on through a catalogue far too long for your limited space. One man fancies he is a great statesman, whereas he is only a petty *doctinaire*. Another imagines he is a great debater, though really he is only a sounding, wordy, wrangling lawyer. A third prides himself upon his philosophy, whereas, in truth, he is merely an utterer of stale platitudes. Ah! how often have I thought of the lines of Burns, when I have been compelled through dreary hours to listen to the droning, wordy, windy harangues of certain hon. members:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as others see us,

"And if we're from many a blunder free us,

"And foolish notion."

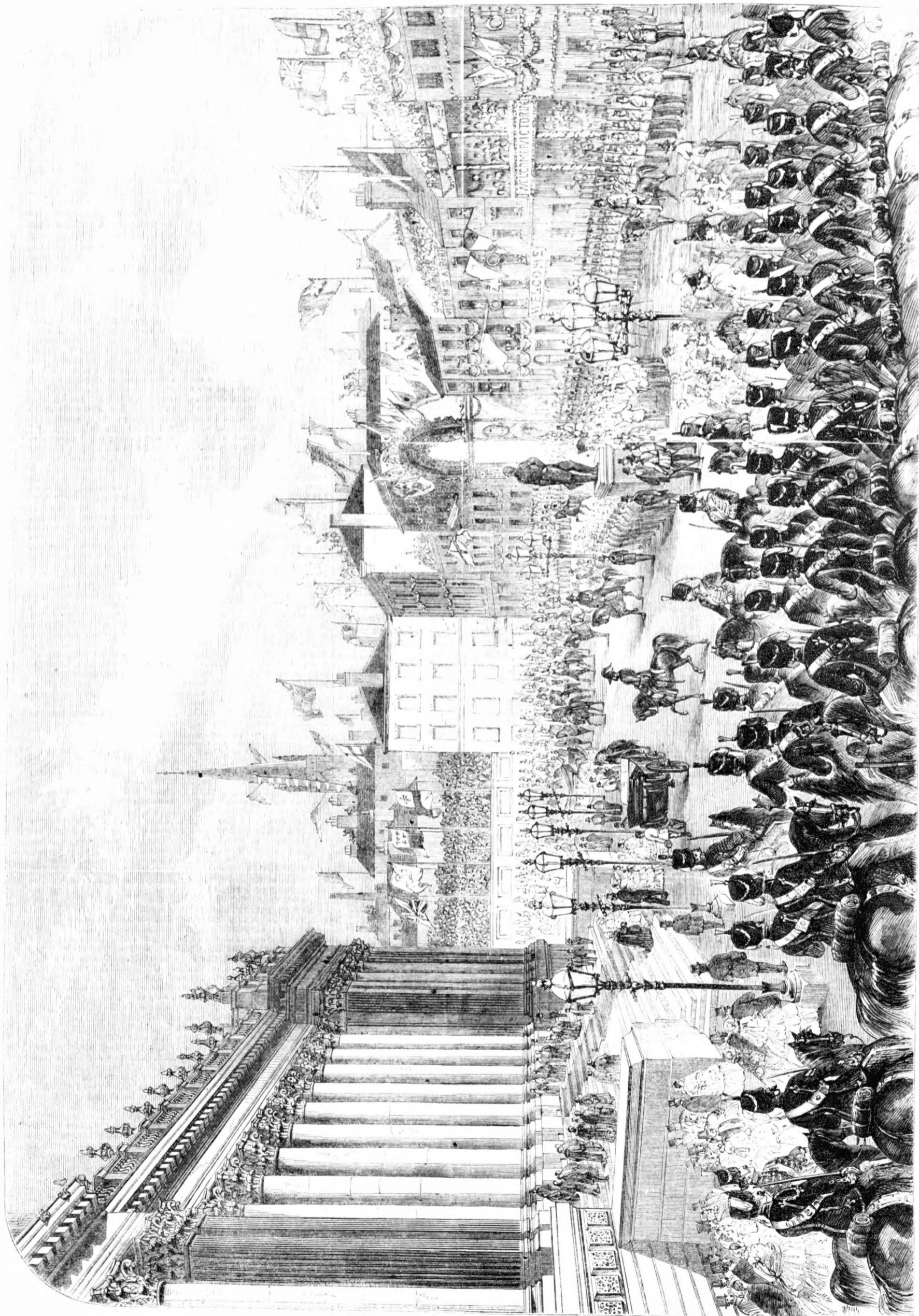
But let us take comfort: there is one man who has the "giftie"—one man who has obeyed the injunction of the Greek sage, and knows himself. Mr. Roebuck says, "I am Tear'em;" and in saying so, he does but utter what has often passed in the mind of everybody that knows him. Literally and truly is Mr. Roebuck "Tear'em." He is that and little else. As I have said, I have heard Mr. Roebuck some scores of times; but I recollect but few speeches of his in which he did not tear something or somebody. Sometimes it is a bill or a resolution that he tears, sometimes a foreign potentate, but mostly some member of the House; but in word and attitude he always maintains his character of "Tear'em." Look at him as he stands there below the gangway, on the floor of the House. If you could only see him through a glass window, without hearing him, you would perceive at once how appropriate is the name which he has assumed. Does not every movement of his body, every motion of his arm, and the bitter expression of his countenance, show that he is tearing some one? But listen to him, and all doubt of the appropriateness of his name is at once removed. Slow and measured is he in his speech, and why is he so slow and measured? It is clearly that he may have time to find the most "tearing" words—words that have the serpent's fangs in them, and that he may insert these fangs in the most delicate part of his writhing victim. Lord John Russell once was provoked to describe the Hon. Member as "a vulture in beak and claws," and this was very good, but we prefer the Hon. Member's own description, "Tear'em." I would, however, in concluding, remark that it is a mistake for Mr. Roebuck to imagine that he is exactly like a watch-dog, for he is not, and for this reason—Mr. Roebuck tears both friends and foes, whereas the dog "Tear'em" never tears his friends. I have had some experience in yard-dogs, for I have in my time kept all sorts of animals, from the bloodhound down to the terrier, and very ferocious animals some of them were to enemies and suspicious-looking people, but I never had one who would tear his friends. The best yard-dog that I ever had, was a British bulldog—a most fierce and determined animal to suspected people, but to his friends he was gentle as a lamb, and the teasing and annoyance which this dog would stand from a friend was astonishing. And he was a remarkably discriminating dog. He did not take it for granted that all unknown people who approached him were necessarily enemies. To real enemies he was a fierce and uncompromising "Tear'em," but he always took care to ascertain that they were foes before he sprang upon them. Let Mr. Roebuck ponder this fact.

M.P.

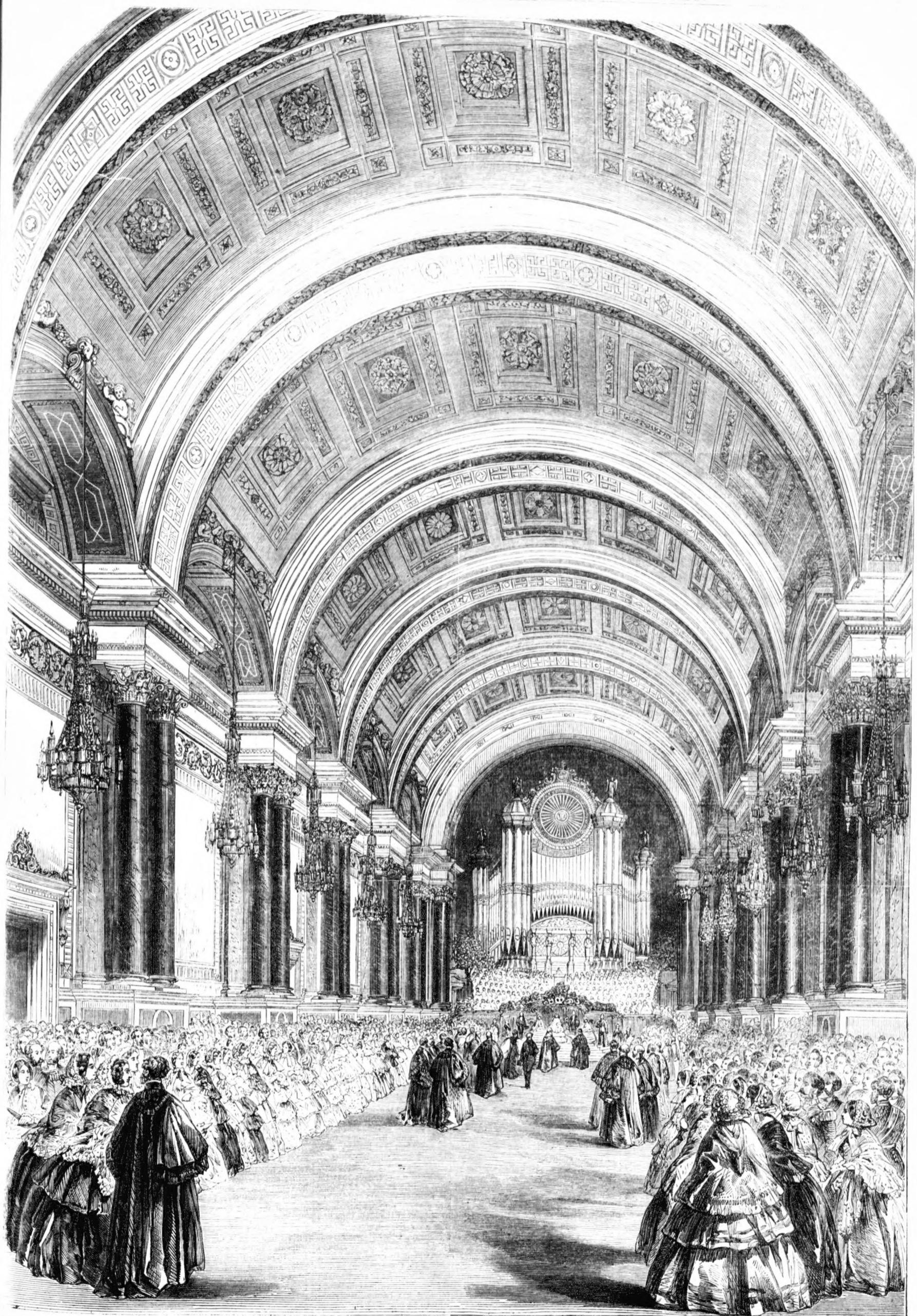
THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE has arrived at Dalhousie Castle, his seat in Scotland, from Malvern Wells.

THE VACANT JUDGESHIP IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS has been bestowed on Mr. Patrick Colquhoun. Mr. Colquhoun is not only a good scholar in ancient Greek, but speaks the modern language with facility, while he is the author of an authoritative work upon Roman civil law.

PROPOSED NEW REFORM BILL.—The "Morning Star" publishes the draft of a new Reform Bill, which proposes to divide several populous districts, and to disfranchise seventy-one small boroughs. Fifteen other small constituencies, which now return two members, will, under this measure, return but one member each. The franchise under this bill will be based on residence and employment, and will embrace the whole of the skilled artisans and most of the unskilled labourers of the country. One feature of the bill is the proposed total abolition of the Revising Barristers' Courts.



ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS.



INTERIOR OF THE TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRINCE ARTHUR has arrived at the Castle of Babelsburg on a visit to his sister.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is at Balmoral, where he occupies a suite of apartments prepared for him in the north side of the new palace.

A MONUMENT is about to be erected at Prague to the late Marshal Radetzky. The statue of the old soldier will be supported on shafts upheld by eight colossal figures made of the metal of Sardinian canon.

THE FOLLOWING APOTROPE is said to have been made from a stage in Sundridge last week:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will excuse our performance, but our violinist is in a state of beastly intoxication; the pianist is doing his best, but fourteen or sixteen strings of the piano are broken."

COURAGEOUS AS THE DUKE MARECHAL, Marshal Canrobert is about to enter the holy bonds of matrimony with the widow of the late Duke de Sotomayor, and becomes in right of his wife a grandee of Spain, if any grander attach to that of credit dignify.

THE PRIZE OF £300, offered by a member of the Civil Service of the East India Company, for the best exposition of the Hindoo systems of philosophy and refutation of their fundamental errors, has been divided between the reverend J. Mullens, missionary of the London Missionary Society, and Dr. J. R. Bellantyne, Principal of the Government College at Benares.

A POET IN A RESPECTABLE ESTABLISHMENT IN BIRMINGHAM lately received a letter from one of his sons, a private in the 60th Rifles, now serving in India, in which he states that "he can put his hands on a thousand rounds any day," and in proof of it enclosed a draught for twenty pounds as a present to the old man.

DR. GREENHOW'S REPORT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH affirms that smallpox is avoidable, and adds:—"It is certain that if vaccination were universally performed in the best known manner, deaths by smallpox would be among the rarest entries in the register."

A HEREBREW EDITION OF THE BIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT has been published for circulation among the Russo-Polish and Asiatic Jews. The title is, "Alexander von Humboldt. A Biographical Sketch, Dedicated to the Nestor of Wisdom on his Eighty-Eighth Birthday." By S. Słominski."

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT and a scholarship at the Charterhouse in honour of General Haycock, and of other old Carthusians who fell in the Crimea and in India, has nearly reached the sum of £500.

A POWERFUL STEAMER is to run between Bristol and Galway, in connection with the Galway line of American steamers.

DAMAGE TO THE EXTENT OF £600 was caused by fire in the farmyard of Mr. J. Robinson, Bridlington, last week.

Gold is reported to have been found among the sand on the river's bank, near Fredericton, New Brunswick.

AT A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF INDIA, on Tuesday, Lord Stanhope, the Secretary of State, presiding, Mr. James C. Melville was appointed to the office of Assistant Under-Secretary of State. Mr. Melville previously filled the office of Deputy-Secretary to the Court of Directors.

THE FLAG-SHIP WATFELLOO is to be cut down to a two-decker, and converted into a screw line-of-battle ship. The line-of-battle sailing-ship Trafalgar, 120, is also being converted into a screw-steamer, at Chatham.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER, the well-known critic of theatres and art, novelist, traveller, and littérateur, is about to go to Russia.

ARCHITECTS HAVE BEEN SENT TO ALGERIA to build a palace for Prince Napoleon, as Minister of Algeria and the colonies.

A YOUNG MAN, still in his teens, accompanied by a good-looking young woman, a few years his senior, drove up to the Register Office, Halifax, last week, for the purpose of entering the matrimonial state. The ceremony was about to commence, when the little bridegroom's mother made her appearance, boxed his ears, and sent him home.

SIR E. B. LYTTON HAS SENT A DESPATCH TO THE LEeward ISLANDS respecting recent riots in Antigua. The purport of it appears to be to impress upon the island the importance of raising and maintaining, from local resources, such a force as will guarantee the safety, dignity, and internal peace of the colony.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL has now for six years been open to all comers. It is calculated that more than 50,000 persons, of all ranks and ages, have during that period visited the cathedral, but any mischief or improper conduct has been so small as to be unworthy of record.

THE MONUMENT TO SIR ISAAC NEWTON, at Graftham, is to be inaugurated, with imposing ceremony, on the 21st instant, when Lord Brougham has undertaken to deliver the address. The cost of the statue is about £2,000, towards which £1,400 has been collected.

GÉRARD, THE LION-KILLER, in an article in the "Journal de Chasseurs," calculates that there are now about sixty lions in the subdivision of Isora, in Algeria, and that from 1836 to 1857 the number of oxen and sheep destroyed by them was about 10,000.

MR. MERIAN, who was probably the wealthiest inhabitant of Switzerland, died at Basle, a few days ago, leaving a fortune of 40,000,000 francs.

A GIRL, NAMED CHRISTINA STUART, at Kirkaldy, was engaged in sweeping out a large carding-machine, when she was caught up by the hair by a large revolving cylinder, armed with spikes, and carried irresistibly through the machine. "She was literally shred and mangled into bits."

SIR J. FERGUSON HAS BEEN FINED 2s. 6d. and costs for smoking on the Blackfriar Quay after he was ordered to desist by a constable.

A DIRECTOR OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY has erected, at his own expense, a marble drinking fountain on the Leicester Station.

A GLASGOW CONSTABLE has been sent to jail for sixty days, for stealing flowers whilst on night duty.

A FATAL ACCIDENT lately occurred on the Santander and Alar Railway (Spain) by which two English engineers were killed, and a Spanish engineer much bruised.

AT RAMSGATE, a French lady has been fined £3 1s. 6d. for smuggling four bottles of brandy and eight flasks of eau de Cologne, the same being concealed about her person.

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF TESSELLATED ROMAN PAVEMENT has been found in the jail grounds, Dorchester. The pattern is very distinct, and the colours rich and various.

THE LADIES WHO CONDUCT THE "ENGLISHWOMAN'S JOURNAL" (one of the cleverest magazines in England) announce that they have secured the use of a large room in Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, for the purpose of establishing a reading-room for ladies "during the morning hours."

THE 25TH OF JANUARY NEXT will be the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns. The citizens of Glasgow contemplate getting up a grand demonstration in honour of the occasion.

A NEW KIND OF APPARATUS FOR WALKING ON THE WATER is now talked of in Holland; and it is said that a certain M. E. Ochsner walked up the Rhine by means of the new machine.

THE "PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN," by Raphael, formerly at Kensington Palace, and discovered by a noble connoisseur among some lumber at Hampton Court, has been cleaned and placed in a prominent position on the wall of her Majesty's Gallery at Hampton Court, to the left of the door which visitors enter.

MR. HENRY COLE, of the Department of Art, has found it necessary, in accordance with the advice of his medical advisers, to seek mental rest by leaving the country for some months.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO, who has now reached an advanced age, is seriously ill.

ARCHDEACON COOPER, the father of the New South Wales Premier, and one of the earliest colonial clergymen, died early in July, and was buried on the 9th of that month. He belonged to a past generation. He lived to nearly eighty years of age, and had resided in the colony for almost half a century.

THE PROPAGANDA COLLEGE (writes a correspondent of the "Morning Post" at Rome) has imported three Ecclesiastical, who have arrived in that city under the escort of a French missionary bishop, and are destined, after duly passing through their ecclesiastical studies, to return into their own country to propagate the Roman Catholic religion.

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A NEW MASONIC HALL, to be erected on the West Cliff, Whitby, was laid last week by the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master Mason.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE embarked at Marseilles on the 9th for Constantinople.

SOME FRENCH JOURNALS continue to assert that the Porte has granted M. de Lesscop permission to cut through the Isthmus of Suez. No official confirmation of this news has yet reached Paris.

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON have arrived in England, from Paris.

MDLLE. PICCOLOMINI will take leave of the English public at a farewell concert at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, the 28th inst. She sails from Southampton for a lengthened tour in the United States on the following day.

## Literature.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. London: Bentley.

The readers of the "Illustrated Times" and "Welcome Guest" are aware that Mr. Sala has been to most places. Among others, he has been to St. Petersburg, which he visited immediately after the war, to see how he liked our enemies. He did not like them at all. He detests them for their bugs and their *boutschniks*, their vapour-baths, and their *volka*, their caviar and their cruelty, their *droskis*, their dirt, and their dram-drinking before dinner. Russia, with singular felicity of expression, he styles "the valley of the shadow of stick," and he compares the Russians themselves to Chinese—which, we believe, is the greatest insult that can be offered to a nation: when Heine was unusually bitter against the English, he used to say that we were Chinese.

M. Edgar Quinet, who, like many other French writers, has lately fallen in love with the Molho-Wallachians, begins his work on those interesting semi-barbarians by cursing the Sclavonian alphabet and Cyril who introduced it, and Peter the Great, who, under pretence of simplifying it, complicated it into the Russian. Mr. Sala is of M. Quinet's way of thinking. He is annoyed, though annoyed, at seeing Souvaroff's name spelt "cynovor," and he is annoyed, and not at all annoyed, at the Russian word "droska," being written in Roman characters "drosky, drosky, or droschky;" nor are we quite sure that he will not be annoyed even with us, who appreciate and admire his talent more than any one, for giving in this art the only correct orthography of that substantive, which is the name of the most disagreeable vehicle ever invented—a vehicle so utterly ill adapted to the purpose it is intended to serve, that an eccentric English nobleman, on a tour to St. Petersburg, is said to have offered a thousand pounds to the person who could discover anything more inconvenient. He is also very savage with the Russians because their nouns have genitive cases, and accuses them of not knowing their own language, because they say sometimes *vodka*, and sometimes *vodki*, just as the Romans sometimes said *cineone* and sometimes *cineo*.

We, who lived the greater part of a year in Russia, in spite of *boutschiks* and bugs, confess that we like caviar as much as Shakspere himself did (for otherwise would Hamlet ever have said that the play which was too good for the audience was "caviar to the general"?), that we even like *volka*, which when good is equal to the best Scotch whisky, and that we would walk a good many miles for the sake of a Russian bath. Let us add, that though there are doubtless a great many dirty persons in the vast Russian empire, we never found any difficulty in getting introduced to clean ones, and that we not only never witnessed any act of cruelty in Russia, but never even saw a blow struck but once, when we struck it ourselves—and it will be understood that we do not very often agree with Mr. Sala in his observations on the life and manners of the Muscovite people.

There is an absurd saying that seeing is believing, but it would be far truer to assert that believing is seeing. Caviar disagrees with Mr. Sala, and Russian spirits, when he tastes them, irritate him; naturally then he dislikes the country, believes every thing in it is bad, and full of that belief, looks about him and sees nothing that is good. We, on the other hand, like *volka*, delight in caviar, and would rather hear a performance of the Moscow gipsies than an opera at Covent Garden, with Bosio and Mario in the principal parts. Of course, then, we believe Russia to be a very fine country, and see all sorts of things that fortify us in that opinion.

However, we do not differ with Mr. Sala upon all points. He agrees with us in praising the Russian tea, and we agree with him in detesting the Russian officials, and especially the officials of the police. It appears to us that the truest portion of the whole book is that which relates to the "Great Russian Bogy." Thanks to secret tribunals, documentary evidence, and corrupt judges, law in Russia is a terror and a curse, and Russian policemen are, as it were, the scouts who are perpetually seeking to drag fresh victims, either as accusers or accused, one fares about as well as the other) into the mazes of a criminal court. There are not a hundredth part so many persons as is generally imagined in the pay of the Russian police, but, on the other hand, the Russian police are in the pay of almost every one. Persons not engaged in trade have nothing to fear from them, unless they are mad enough to seek redress for some injury they may have received; but a shopkeeper, if he fails to make a handsome present to the commissary of his district on that gentleman's *file-day*, may as well make up his mind to shut up shop. "I can't beat you," says an official in one of Gogol's comedies, to a tradesman who is not sufficiently liberal with his bribes, "I can't beat you, because you are a free man, but you shall swallow snakes somehow or other. Next week you will have a regiment of soldiers to lodge." Mr. Sala tells a story of a grocer who had omitted to pay the police, and who was absolutely invaded by them, on the plea that a robbery had been committed in his house. In vain the poor man protested that he had lost nothing; the alguazils knew better. Day after day he had to make his appearance at the police office, bank-note after bank-note was extracted from his pocket, until at last the affair was concluded by a magnificent doouleur to the commissary—the only possible way of terminating it. The tale is very horrible, but Mr. Sala tells it so admirably, and the villainy of the officials is so excessive, so ludicrously monstrous, that it reads like a chapter out of "Gil Blas." Indeed, the book, from beginning to end, is thoroughly entertaining; we will not say "as entertaining as a novel," because our contemporaries have rather vulgarised the comparison, and also because the majority of novels, instead of being entertaining, are quite the reverse. The cleverest part of the book appears to us to be the account of the journey out. How that tedious Baltic voyage could have furnished Mr. Sala with the pictures, the characters, and the immense amount of downright fun that are to be found in the opening chapter, we are at a loss to understand. Indeed the whole work is so amusing, that that very fact has been made use of to depreciate it. "Russia can't be so amusing as Mr. Sala makes it out," it is said, just as it might be objected to Mr. Dickens, that human life is not so comic or so picturesque as the representations of human life in his admirable fictions. It is like telling Beaumrains or Congreve that the wittiest gentlemen in every-day life are not half so witty as their barbers and valets. To which it may be replied, that if characters in comedies talked half so stupidly as most men do, no one would go to the play. And if those critics who object to being amused were to write an account of a voyage in a Baltic steamer, we are quite sure we should part company with them long before the vessel entered the Gulf of Finland.

We have said that our views of Russia are not those entertained by Mr. Sala. We have the same detestation of despotism that he has, but we were astonished to find that Russia is governed less despotically than any other of the despotic countries, and that the Russians of the present day write about their own laws, and about the tyranny and baseness of their officials and the iniquity of serfdom, with a freedom that is not known in France or in any part of Germany. If we look at the past history of Russia, we find it, until very recently, as bad as Mr. Sala represents it, and nearly as bad as it is painted by the vain and mendacious De Custine. But between the reign of Nicholas and the reign of Alexander there is as much difference as between the reign of Victoria and that of James II. We believe that none of the important reforms introduced by the present emperor—the only enlightened and at the same time just and determined sovereign that Russia has ever had—had been commenced when Mr. Sala was in St. Petersburg. Otherwise—or even as it was, if he had asked his friends to read him a few of the articles in the Russian reviews—we are sure he would have come away from the country with very different impressions to those which he did receive; for we know better than any one that what he has written he has written honestly and sincerely. However, he has done one thing: He has produced the best book of travel that has been written since Eothen, and we know of no work so worthy to be placed by the side of that charming volume as this "Journey Due North."

Philip Paternoster; a Tractarian Love Story. By an Ex-Puseyite. 2 vols., 12mo. London: Bentley.

The nineteenth century has been called a practical age, and so, generally, it is; but it has given birth to some strange anomalies. These two instances. In America, the model republic, where the people boast of their education and enlightenment, we have Mormonism, one of the strangest systems that fanaticism ever gave birth to. In England, where the inhabitants have always been remarkable for their sobriety, and common sense, and especially for love of freedom, we have an insurrection of priesthood again, under the form of Puseyism. We had fondly hoped that this thing had received its death-blow 200 years ago, and lo! we find it here again, somewhat modified in form, but essentially the old thing which England fought against at the Reformation, under the name of Popery, and then again as Laudism a hundred years afterwards, and, what is still more strange, its claims are recognised by a vast number of people, and its churches are in the fashionable districts of the metropolis, and in some of the provinces crowded every Sunday by apparently-devout adherents. That priesthood, in any form, will ever gain the ascendancy again in England, we have no fear; but that it is here, amidst all the activities, and free thoughts, and scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century, able to lift up its head and gain adherents amongst the laity, is as strange a phenomenon as would be a society in London to revive the Pythagorean system of astronomy. The object of the book is to expose this Puseyism, to hold it up to ridicule, and to aid in laughing it out of the field, a legitimate object, no doubt. Indeed, we are not sure that ridicule is not the only weapon that is likely to prove successful against the grotesque monster. Argument is thrown away upon men clad in the impenetrable armour of conceit; but ridicule may succeed where reasoning fails. Ridicule, we know, is not a test of truth, but it is a useful weapon against sheer folly, which we take Puseyism, in the gross form here exhibited, to be. The writer of "Philip Paternoster, a Tractarian Love-story," styles himself an "ex-Puseyite," a convert from the heresy, and professes to draw from life. Some of our readers may think that the picture which he paints is a caricature; but we have reason to believe that it is faithful. In an article written on "Church Parties," some years ago, Mr. Conybeare gave us a picture very much like that which we have before us.

The principal *dramatis personae* of the story are, first, Philip Paternoster; second, Hebe Wallford, a daughter of Mr. Wallford, a country squire of the parish in which Philip Paternoster "shows off" as an Anglo-Catholic curate; third, Henriette Osborne, the bosom friend of Hebe; and, fourth, Herbert Osborne, Henriette's brother. Henriette is a brunette, tall and "beautiful as starry night." Hebe is a blonde, "mirroring out the brighter beauties of the early morn." The story opens with the ordination of the hero in the private chapel in the presence of the other *dramatis personae*. Philip Paternoster is described as rather a handsome man. He was tall, dark, and had long black hair, and "such long whiskers as one generally sees associated with that hybrid animal, termed by young ladies 'a duck.'" When he rose to read the Gospel, "Starry Night" leaned across to "Early Morn," and said, "That's your new curate, Hebe." Philip Paternoster had just come from Oxford. He was going in for Tractarianism in its ultra form, and was "made up" for the ceremony "by Cox and Co., very ecclesiastically indeed." Well, the service is performed, and the people are up and gone; but why does the Bishop not depart? Simply because our hero was still kneeling, and in such a position, that he stopped the egress of the Right Reverend Father. Nor did he move until the Bishop's verger nudged the devotee, and told him that the Bishop wanted to pass. After the service, Philip Paternoster was invited to dine with the Squire, but was excused by Herbert Osborne, his old college chum, who said they were engaged to dine at the Mitre with "the men," meaning the gentlemen who had been ordained, who were going to keep "a sort of carnival in memory of old times." But Philip did not dine at the Mitre; but, when the feast was prepared, could not be found; nor was he discovered until a quarter to twelve at night, when Herbert Osborne found him in his bed-room, still in canonicals. He had been fasting, in accordance with a vow not to touch food until midnight. But fasting did not mean the exclusion of wine, for it appears that during the last quarter of an hour he "drained frequent glasses," and, as naturally would be the case after his long abstinence, he felt "very elated and funny, exceedingly disposed for gastronomy, and the society of his fellow-men," and when the clock struck, "he cast aside his clerical attire, arrayed himself in boating trousers of white flannel, a pea-jacket, and wide-awake hat, skipped down stairs, entered the room with a bounce, struck a theatrical attitude, was vociferously cheered, and was soon occupied with the kidneys;" that is, broiling them on a gridiron, at which art Philip was a practised hand. "And as the last domestic retired to rest on the Monday morning, she heard Philip Paternoster's fine tenor voice chanting Tom Moore's appropriate melody:—

"One bumper at parting; though many  
Have circled the board since we met,  
The fullest, the saddest, of any,  
Remains to be quaffed by us yet."

We have detailed the opening scene in full, because it reveals the character of Philip Paternoster, and we suppose that of the *genus* young Puseyite Oxonian generally; at least so our "ex-Puseyite" would seem to say—and as he has been one he ought to know. Philip began the day of his ordination, and spent it, in deep devotion and fasting, and wound it up with broiled kidneys, potations deep, and a bacchanalian song of Thomas Moore's. But of course we cannot proceed in this detailed way with the history of Philip Paternoster. He enters upon his parish duties, carries out his notions as far as possible; but all this we must pass over, excepting that we will first introduce a scene between Philip and the sexton. On the first morning, Philip, thinking that he was curate to a high churchman of the true A.C. type, arose early, donned his canonicals, and proceeded to matins at the church; and wound the churchyard gate locked, he jumped over, when he was stopped by the sexton.

"Hoi, hoi! young yella; where ye be a gwain to?"  
"My good man—are you a native of Flowerfield?"  
"Non, zur; I wur born up to Ziddercombe, up thur, o' top o' the hill, whur you doozee them ther stacks yander?"  
"But you live here?"  
"Ois; I be sexton of Flowerfield."  
"Then have the goodness to understand that I am one of the priests of this church, and—What are you laughing at?"

"Why, zur, you be a jokin' I—I do think. We've got two minister—two parsons, we do mostly call 'em here—and a clark, and a sexton (that's I), at this here church; but we aren't got no priests. I've heard the Catholics have priests, but—"

"Well; and are not you a Catholic?"  
"O, no; zur, we be Church of England. I thought you wer' a mistakin' we, cos you got they funny clothes on. Ax yer pardon, zur, if I be wrong," &c. &c.  
The rector makes his appearance, and explains to Philip the fact that matins are performed at his house. But we must hasten on. Herbert Osborne is a free-thinker, of no means other than what he settled, if he could. Henriette, his sister, he thinks, would be nicely settled with him; and Herbert farther thinks that he would be nicely settled if he could marry her to Philip, whom she soon falls in love with; and is accepted, and the compact is made and "sealed." On the morrow morning, sober reflection follows the intoxication of love, and Philip finds himself in a disagreeable fix. He was already married to one wife—the Church—and had betrothed himself again. In order, therefore, to escape from this quandary, he beat up his quarters at Flowerfield, and fled to London. Herbert Osborne and his sister discover what had occurred, and Herbert, after much pondering, determines to follow Philip and to revenge himself, by leading his friend into all sorts of debauchery, and gradually urge him over the precipice into the Romish gulf. "Starry Night," his sister, who, it appears, has a good deal of the "devil in her," joins in the plot, and accompanies her





BY THE SEA SIDE.—NO. XII  
BOULOGNE SUR MER.  
(Concluded from last week.)

## CAFES.

The scene here so faithfully depicted by our artist is a Boulogne café. The public-houses, as we call them in England, are in France of three classes. There is the hotel, the *café*, and the *estaminet*. The hotel answers much to our hotel in England. The *cafés* generally, as far as my observation enabled me to decide, are not lodging-houses, although there are some *cafés* in Boulogne where you may lodge, and at far more reasonable terms than at the hotels, though of course you must not expect the same accommodation there as you get at the hotel. A friend of mine, however, got some very respectable apartments at a *café*, and on very reasonable terms. With respect to the *café* proper, the illustration speaks for itself: for, as our readers may see, there is coffee drinking going on, wine drinking, smoking, card playing, and a serenade by two girls. These *cafés* are generally empty in the early part of the day, but towards the close they are lighted up as brightly as a London gin-shop, and are crowded: for your Frenchman spends his evenings, as a rule, at a *café*; and, if you were in search of a Frenchman, his home is the last place you should go to look for him. Domesticity, as we understand it in England, is here unknown. A French gentleman, who had lived in England for many years, and contracted our domestic habits, told me that when he first returned to France he was the laughing-stock of his friends, because he spent his evenings at home; and when he was once inquired for at a *café*, one of the company exclaimed, amidst a roar of laughter—"As he is English, you will find him at home with his wife." English people, who visit *cafés* in France, should bear in mind two precautions: first, to take care what they drink: in calling for coffee you are always safe, but it is not safe to meddle with the wines, unless you know the place; nor is the brandy always good, as I discovered to my cost. I was surprised to find, however, our English pale ale selling at several of the *cafés*, both draught and bottled, and in splendid condition. The second precaution is, to observe due reticence of speech. Going with a friend to a *café*, I said something disparaging of the political state of France; he looked round apprehensively, and whispered—"We never talk politics *now* in a *café*." There is plenty of English hotels in Boulogne; and if the English visitors cannot refrain from talking about public matters, I would recommend them to visit one of these.

## POLITENESS—DANCING.

Amongst the characteristics of the French, there are specially two—their politeness and their love of the dance. The first is proverbial, and cannot fail to strike the traveller the moment he enters France. From the *salon* to the hut every one is polite. Boys, when they finish a game, lift their hats; the sturdy fisherman, as he passes a dame of his own standing, and salutes her with a "*bon jour*," raises his woollen cap. And you will find more grace in some of the shops than is often found in English drawing-rooms. But still let "*caveat emptor*" be your motto in buying; for if you suppose, as we are all apt to do, that this current coin of politeness is all sterling metal, you will soon be enlightened, and at some cost.

As to dancing—there never was such a nation to dance. The people will dance whatever may be the matter. They danced at Paris through all the bloody scenes of the First Revolution, even during the Reign of Terror, and when *sans culottism* was finally trodden out, the victors pirouetted like mad. At Boulogne not a week passes without two or three dancing *fêtes*; and every village has its orchestra, ball-room, and dancing-ground out of doors. The popular dancing places in Boulogne are the Higher and Lower Tantelleries, two inclosures in the higher part of the Basse Ville. The Lower Tantelleries is an avenue of trees, which is lighted up with variegated lamps interspersed with a profusion of tri-colour flags, and is exceedingly pretty when the merriment is at its height. Be it observed, however, in dismissing the subject, that everything is carried on with the utmost order, and no person will find anything here to shock or disgust. Fast young men who visit the casinos of London, condemn the whole thing as "*very slow*;" we know exactly what that means. Drunkenness, I need hardly say, is never seen.

## JOSEPH HENNIN.

The most note-worthy person at Boulogne is unquestionably M.



INTERIOR OF A CAFE, BOULOGNE.



JOSEPH HENNIN.

Joseph Hennin, the bath master. He is not more than forty-four years old, and he has saved seventy-one people from drowning! Seventy-one people are now living, who, but for his exertions, would long since have been numbered with the dead. It has been said that "mankind reserve their greatest honours for their destroyers, and scarce have any thanks to bestow on those who seek to save them." This may be generally true; but M. Hennin's merits have not been passed by unnoticed. He has received several medals from the Humane and other societies, and lately the Emperor Louis Napoleon decorated him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Of course, if M. Hennin had been mercenary, he might have been by this time wealthy; but it is one of the virtues of this extraordinary man, that he has always refused to take money from those whom he saved. A cordial grasp of the hand, a certificate of the fact, or perhaps from the more wealthy, a *souvenir*—such as a silver cup or a small gold crucifix—was all that he would take.

M. Hennin is a native of Boulogne, and passed the early part of his life in the navy. During the years of his maritime career he greatly distinguished himself, and also that of Buenos Ayres. At the Isle of Lobos near to Cape Town the ship *Active*, on board of which he was serving, sprang a leak. The hands were asked to volunteer to attempt to save the stores; but such was the inclemency of the weather and the formidable dangers, that they held back, all excepting Hennin, who, almost unaided, worked for forty-two days, and drew to land a vast quantity of *materiel*.

At Monte Video, some days afterwards, whilst confined to bed by illness, caused by his exertion, he heard cries of distress. A little boat had sunk with its crew, and ill as he was, he did not hesitate. He hurried to the bridge, threw himself into the water, and though in his fall he struck a ship's yard, broke two of his fingers, and dislocated his arm at the elbow, he succeeded in snatching from death two sailors, placing them on the keel of the small boat, and holding them there for half an hour until a larger boat came to his help.

After quitting the service he became a pilot and bather at his native place, where he found more frequent occasions of giving proof of his super-human strength and generous courage.

In 1834 he saved a Mr. Henry Davis, of London. In 1835 he drew from the waves M. Malted, a banker at Paris.

In 1844, a young Englishman was vainly striving to save his brother, who was already nearly drowned, when Hennin, who was engaged as bathing-master, heard his cries and rushed to his assistance; but before he could arrive at the spot he saw the young man sink beneath the waves. Nothing daunted, Hennin dived after him, and failing the first time, he dived again and had the happiness to find him, and drag him to the shore. The name of this gentleman was William Smith, and his place of residence London.

On the 2nd of August, 1846, while others were engaged in the electoral struggle, Hennin was at his post, and it was well he was, for on that day a young man named Nouville was saved. Before Hennin could reach him he had been submerged several minutes, but this did not deter our hero from attempting his rescue. Accurately marking with his practised eye the spot in which the youth had gone down, he swam thither, dived under the water, and brought him to land. The terrible exertion required to accomplish this feat nearly cost the gallant swimmer his life. When he came ashore his flesh was blue—he felt symptoms of suffocation, and would have fallen down if he had not been held up by his friends, but still he would not leave the spot until the rescued youth showed signs of life.

On another occasion the sea was very rough, but rough as it was, one adventurous Englishman determined to take his bath. He was a good swimmer, but not competent to work against the full force of a rapid current and furious waves, and he was soon carried away and submerged. The people on the shore were greatly excited; they could see that unless help came he must perish. Cries for Hennin were raised, and reached his ears; and of course, with him, the knowledge of the fact that some one was in danger was sufficient at once to induce him to fly to the spot. He plunged into the sea, struggled through the roaring current, and in spite of the fury of the sea, brought the young man safely to land.

At another time, he snatched from destruction Sergeant-Major



THE TANTELLERIES, BOULOGNE.

Gourdan, of the 73rd Regiment, when he was literally grinding and dashing against the supports of the pier.

But we must close this account. It would take a volume to chronicle all the acts of devotedness and courage which have marked the life of Joseph Hennin. We will mention only one more. We all remember the loss of the *Amphitrite* on the shore of Boulogne, and the discussion there was about the miserable loss of men. Whose fault it was that all the poor convicts and the crew, excepting two, went to the bottom, we believe was a question never settled. One thing is, however, quite clear—it was not Hennin's. He was at his post; and though the breakers were roaring and dashing upon the beach with a fury enough to appal the stoutest heart, they did not appal him. True to his character, he dashed in, swam to the ship, called for a rope, and was bringing it to shore, when, alas! midway, he found it would not run. It was too short, or had got caught, and he was obliged to drop it. For memory of this daring act there is a testimonial to him hung up in the museum.

M. Hennin is one of the finest men we ever saw. He stands, we should think, six feet high, and is exceedingly well made. His skill in swimming must be great, and his strength Herculean, but his principal qualities are a noble generous heart, and courage that literally knows not what fear is. All honour to thee, then, Joseph Hennin! France has shown her admiration of your gallant deeds by presenting you with the cross of the Legion of Honour; others have given you medals; such marks we have not to bestow, but what we can do we will—we have the greatest pleasure in spreading your fame through England; and we know not our countrymen, if many an Englishman does not, whilst reading these pages, long to give you a hearty English shake of the hand.

**TACKLE FOR LADIES' DRESSES.**—The *"Mechanics' Magazine"* for last week gives the following description of Patent No. 198, dated February 3, 1858:—"Improved apparatus for raising and lowering the skirts of ladies' dresses. This consists in the use of a girdle with cords united at one end in a knot, whilst their other extremities are attached to the garment. By drawing them up by hand at the knot, the dress will be raised to the desired height, uniformly all round. The cords are passed over pulleys."

**ACCIDENT AT THE HAGGERSTONE GAS WORKS.**—A large escape of gas occurred last week at the Independent Gas Works, Haggerstone. The vapour entered the smiths' shop, and, coming in contact with the furnace, it exploded, and a number of workmen were severely burnt, five so seriously that fears were entertained as to their recovery. The valve-shop and smiths' shed were burnt down.

**RIFLE FIELD BATTERY.**—Brigadier-General Sir G. Shaw has invented a new rifle field battery, by which, says the projector, six or eight men will be enabled to throw on the enemy a more deadly fire than upwards of 300 soldiers under the present system of tactics; moreover the machine can be moved about the field of battle at the rate of more than six miles an hour, whereas in the present system soldiers can only change position at the rate of two miles an hour. The device is the horizontal arrangement of capped Enfield rifle barrels, twenty-four in number, in such a manner that, by the use of a master winch, the whole twenty-four, placed at any given elevation, and in any lateral direction, may be discharged at once at an approaching or retreating enemy, or the barrels may be separately discharged after the manner of platoon firing.

**A BRAVE WOMAN.**—In a detached cottage at Twickenham, residing an elderly lady, in very delicate health, with one servant. One evening last week this young woman went into her mistress's bedroom, to lie there if anything was wanted before retiring to rest. On opening the door she found a lad, not more than eighteen, standing over her mistress, so she lay in bed, apparently in the act of striking her with a heavy stick. She ran up to him, closed him with so rapidly that he was unable to use his fist, and at length succeeded in completely overpowering the thief. Kneeling upon him as he lay on the floor, she held him down while her mistress brought her a piece of cord, with which she secured the hands of her captive, who was then locked up in a strong cupboard, until the arrival of a constable.

**THE GREAT EASTERN.**—There was a report this week that a company had been formed to purchase and finish this vessel, and work her between London and America. "This association is called the British and American Great Eastern Steam Navigation Company. After a series of negotiations with the original company, arrangements have been made for the purchase of the vessel for £250,000, being less than one-third of the amount she cost, viz., £800,000, and less than the material would fetch if the vessel were broken up, and sold by auction in lots." This report is contradicted, on authority.

**CHANNEL ISLANDS TELEGRAPH.**—Messages of congratulation have passed between her Majesty and the directors of the Channel Islands Telegraph Company. The cable was manufactured by Newall and Co., at Birkenhead. It is of the size of the shore-end of the Mediterranean cable, but with ends in a proportionate degree thicker. It starts from Church Bay, Portland, and rests in depths of water varying from thirty-five to forty fathoms, as far as the island of Alderney, which has been fixed upon as the first station. At this point the French coast is only nine miles distant, and Cherbourg is plainly visible. From Alderney the cable stretches to a point on the north-west coast of Guernsey, crosses that island to St. Peter's Port, and then runs to Cape Grosnez, and is landed upon a sandy beach. Between eight and nine miles of underground work then brings the line to St. Helier's. The charge for a message of twenty-words from London to Jersey is 5s.

**COLLAPSE OF A RAILWAY TUNNEL AT HAMSTEAD.**—A considerable portion of the brick work of the tunnel in course of construction between Pont Street, Southend, Hampstead, and the western portion of the Finchley Road, in connection with the Hampstead Junction Railway, has given way. As long ago as Sunday week, it was clear that there was something wrong—indeed some portion of the brick-work had then given way. Every effort was made to stay the danger; but, notwithstanding the exertions of between forty and fifty men, who laboured incessantly, at the imminent danger of their lives, the threatened catastrophe arrived: 198 feet of heavy brick-work fell in, and it was with difficulty that many of the workmen made their escape. The entire length of the tunnel is about three-quarters of a mile, and the accident occurred about midway. A thorough investigation of the ruins was subsequently made. The brick-work was found to be inadequate to support the superincumbent weight. The portion of the tunnel where the accident occurred was immediately under the Conduit Field, in which there is a spring or quick-sand. Immediately above the first portion of the tunnel that fell, a steam-engine was at work. The ground for some distance above the fallen tunnel was cracked, and the machinery had sunk several feet. Altogether, the damage is very serious, and will probably delay the opening of the line by six months.

**A PLEASANT TRIP.**—A correspondent of the *"Northern Whig"* took passage on board an American ship, at New York, for Liverpool. "When a short time on board," he writes, "I discovered that I was in company with a party of lunatics. As they entered the ship, their ghoulish visages, staring eyes, and unmeaning looks, unmistakably indicated that the intellect was gone. There were about sixteen of them. It will naturally be asked if some Yankee asylum had disengaged its unhappy inmates. This, I understand, was literally the fact. These poor creatures, who, perhaps, long since emigrated to the blessed country of the stars and stripes, and had spent the vigour and strength of their days in encasing the bleated republic, have been at length sent home to remain a tax upon this country, or an insupportable burthen on their unhappy relatives, although they contracted their frightful malady upon American soil. The passengers suffered much uneasiness and annoyance during the whole voyage, as these maniacs had no person to look after them, but were allowed to range through the ship, both day and night, rummaging through the berths of passengers, as I suppose in quest of food, and screaming and yelling in a most hideous manner. Of course, having no person to take charge of them, their persons were foul, and their actions disgusting in the extreme. Surely some inquiry ought to be made into this strange affair."

**WHERE TO OPERATE.**—Here is a story which we think would tickle the grim Carlyle. A gentleman, noted for his humour, travelling in a stage coach in New England, in company with several clergymen, the conversation turned upon the "nigger question." One of the clergymen inveighed strongly against the Abolitionists for agitating the subject in the Northern States, where no slavery is tolerated. "If Garrison wants to attack the evil," said he, "why does he not go where he can make some impression upon it—where it exists? Why does he squint his little engine at a fire which is blazing a thousand miles off?" The reverend gentleman chuckled, looked round triumphantly to the humorous gentleman, and asked him what he thought about it! "You gentlemen," replied he, "appear to be clergymen. Your business is to battle against sin and to overthrow Satan's kingdom. Now, if that is your object, why do you stay among decent Christian people? Why, in the devil's name, don't you go to hell?"

**BEWARE OF THE DOG.**—From a return which has just been made, it appears that the following war ships are now at Chatham attached to the reserve, viz.:—five line-of-battle ships, from 80 to 120 guns each; nineteen frigates, of from 20 to 51 guns each; seventeen le-sser frigates, of from 8 to 18 guns; and three floating batteries. The whole of these vessels can be brought forward for immediate service whenever they may be required.

## OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

The operatic company to which Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison have given their names, and of which these vocalists are the most distinguished ornaments, are now performing at Drury Lane Theatre, which opened for the autumn and winter season—yes, winter season, although the summer seems scarcely to have begun!—on Monday evening last. The opera was the "Rose of Castille," with Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Ferdinand Glover, and Mr. Honey. The orchestra, which is second only to that of the Royal Opera House, is still under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, whom it would be impossible to find a more able conductor. We have so often called attention to the music of the "Rose of Castille," and its sparkling melodies are now so well known to the public, that for the present we will merely say of the opening performance that it was thoroughly successful, and that the success was fully merited. The house was crowded, the encores were numerous, and the applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous. Next week, we shall have to notice the production of "Martha;" and shortly afterwards an opera by Mr. Bristow, the American composer, will be brought out. Mr. Balfé, too, has written a new work for the Drury Lane Company; so that there will be no lack of novelty in the performances of this excellent company.

## THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The great music-meeting at Leeds opened on Wednesday of last week and closed on Saturday. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed on Wednesday, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett. Save the absence of Madame Viardot, the cast was the same as in the performance of "Elijah" at Birmingham. The soprano solo was divided between Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss. Miss Palmer took the whole of the contralto solos, in the absence of Miss Dolly, who was unfortunately too ill to appear. The principal tenor solo fell, as usual, to the lot of Mr. Sims Reeves; while Mr. Weiss, who has made "Elijah" his especial study, gave another proof of his title to a monopole of the part.

The performance was highly successful, as also was the miscellaneous concert of the same evening. The most remarkable feature here was "The May Queen," a new cantata by Professor Bennett. It was most admirably executed by Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Miss Palmer, and was received with delight by the audience; and a Yorkshire audience is probably the most critical in the kingdom.

The sacred performance on Thursday morning consisted of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," a portion of Bach's "Passions Musik," and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"; three different pieces all on one subject, but certainly treated in very different forms and styles. "Israel in Egypt," was the great performance of Friday, and the festival was brought triumphantly to a conclusion on Saturday with the "Messiah."

Financially, also, the festival has been perfectly successful. The receipts are estimated at £7,500, the expenses at £6,000, so that the net surplus applied towards the support of the General Infirmary will be about £1,500.

**A SEIZURE EXTRAORDINARY.**—A very extensive seizure was made recently at the custom-house of Constantinople on the person and in the trunk of a holy passenger by the Liverpool steamer. She had joined the ship at Syria, and on landing, in all the glory of a gaudy toilette and immense crinoline, attempted to get through the hands of the officials, by the generally quick and easy agency of a huckster—she, but whether from a vicious propensity to plumb the crinoline, or through legitimate suspicion excited by its unusual size, the boy insisted on subjecting the lady to a full examination, which resulted in the discovery of 8000 francs in false notes, stowed away in the mysterious amplemettes of her voluminous dress. Between the false bottoms of her trunks were discovered some four millions of pistoles of the sameurious manufacture, all admirably executed. The fair sinner, who is said to be an American lady, was forthwith consigned to the loathsome misery of the Turkish prison, the authorities making a general confiscaion of the whole of her effects, with the crinoline to boot.

Mr. JAMES WYKE, in a letter to the "North British Mail," offers the following remedy for two evils—viz., excessive crinoline, and liability to accidental combustion, of which the fair sex are now the subject:—"By adding to the starch used in preparing these dresses a table-spoonful of common alum in a powdered state, the starch makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents its bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance."

**GREAT FISHING MATCH.**—Some weeks back there was an All England Handicap Fishing Match, near Sheffield, for a handsome silver cup and other prizes. There were about forty competitors; among them, Bailey, of Nottingham, who has been called "the second Isaac Walton." So small, however, was the amount of fish he caught that he would not weigh. Many of those who obtained prizes caught but very small weights. Watson, who was the winner of the cup, caught one, 11 lbs. Some took prizes who hooked under 2lb. of fish. Bailey, finding himself in a humiliating position, now challenged to fish Watson for £50 a-side, and arrangements were made for a future day. Soon after the commencement of the contest, it was evident that Bailey was the fisherman, and Watson only "the Yorkshireman." At the stipulated hour of ceasing, Bailey's fish weighed 59lb., and Watson's 4lb. 2oz.

**WRECK OF THE BARQUE ALICE.**—The barque Alice, of North Shields, which left Aden on the 4th of July, for Bombay, with a large consignment of ordnance stores for Government, consisting of gunpowder and ammunition, got aground on the coast, near the village of Coorla, about eight miles south of Alibrah, on the night of Friday last, July 15. The only passengers on board were Sergeant Macdonald, of the Ordnance Department, with his wife and four children, and a foreigner, a native born by profession. The ship having gone to pieces, the crew, with Mrs. Macdonald and family, returned to Bombay on the 21st of July, having lost all they possessed.

**MRS. BEECHER STOWE.**—The authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (says the "Builder") is fed by the most distinguished authoresses and ladies of letters in Paris, on her arrival in that city, a few days ago. The dinner took place at a restaurant, in the Palais Royal, where the sterner sex were bidden to the festive board, save three papa-littréantes, who were admitted for the sake of their feminine nature. They were Marie Aycard, Marie Escudier, and Eliomé de Vauvillabe.

**POLISHED STEEL FRIGATES.**—We do not touch for the accuracy of the following report:—"An order has been given by the French Government for six new screw-frigates, of 300 horse-power each, two to be built at Rochefort, two at L'Orléans, and two at some other port, each to be blinéé or cuirassé, with plates of polished steel, each weighing 22 cwt., 5 feet in length, and 23 feet in breadth, at a cost of £57 each plate. The plates are to be inserted between the planks of every part of the frigates above high-water mark, and will render them impervious to shot and shell. Steel shot have been fired at the plates from short and long ranges, in the Polygon and Vincennes, without injuring them."

**SHOCKING DEATH OF ONE OF THE "ALL-ENGLAND ELEVEN."**—We regret to have to announce the accidental death of Mr. Thomas Hunt, the well-known cricket player. After the termination of a match in which he had been engaged at Rochdale, he foolishly, in company with a friend, took a short cut to the station by walking along a portion of the Lancashire and Yorkshire line. He was overtaken by the Manchester train, and having unfortunately lost his presence of mind he was knocked down and run over, his legs being severed from his body. His friend managed to escape without injury.

**YACHTS.**—The "Globe" has given some interesting statistics of the number and tonnage of private yachts, but is at a loss respecting the number of men, of which there is no account. The common calculation is that every ten tons requires a man; and we believe that for cutters rigged vessels this estimate is rather under the mark, but schooners and yawls require fewer hands. Taking, however, a man to every ten tons (old measurement) as the rule, and applying it to the aggregate yacht tonnage of 35,000, we shall have 3,500 seamen employed in the service of the amateur navy, and these the very best men to be had, the minimum of wages being a guinea a week, besides a present of clothes, and many being paid as high as 21s. or 25s. Such is the pay of the common seaman, masters and mates getting much higher wages; the former, even in the smaller craft, rating solidom at less than 30s. a week, and in the larger classes of vessels, requiring skill in navigation, ascending to two at the maximum, or even 3. Assuming the proportion of really able seamen in a large three-decker to be about 300 men, the aggregate crew of the yachts would suffice to man nearly 12 sail of the line, or a strong Channel fleet. It is to be remembered that these men are only employed for the summer season, averaging about three months in every year, but during that time they are formed to the very best habits, being of necessity clean, steady, and sober—in a word, well-behaved in every particular.

## LAW AND CRIME.

EVERY London pedestrian is tolerably well acquainted with a permanent auction in St. Paul's Churchyard, and its mart of old and new plated goods and exceedingly well-varnished pictures. A long look in when you may, you may see apparently the same goods, the same absurdly shabby persons buying apparently the same goods, at the same absurdly low prices. The interest with which the enterprised company regard the entrance of a stranger is moreover a trifling note. The event seems to cause some slight commotion. The clock evicts himself with double alarums, and the hook-nosed persons, the nearest the worst picture begins breathing upon it, and rubbings it with his fragment of a Field Lane bandanna, as if his life hung upon it, and putting out the daubery of the left-hand corner. When the whole of these effects have been remarked, and the prudent observer has made himself thoroughly acquainted, as he may do, under ordinary circumstances, in three seconds, with the style of business transacted at the Rooms, he ordinarily grins, and goes out. But it may be conjectured that if the entire London public consisted of prudent observers, such a concern as that we have been describing might possibly not be. The Israelitish bidders must gain something to live upon beyond the profits upon the plated cruet stands and bad sham Grenadiers for which they are never seen to hand over money, which they do not apparently take away, and which they are too much occupied purchasing ever to have leisure to sell. There must be some for whose especial behoof the whole fare is being enacted; some rustic squire fresh from Essex or Devonshire, or some wealthy old person suddenly seized with Ruskinism, and an immense desire for judgment in Art. If ever the latter class of individual was to be found at the Rooms, great must have been the joy when Mr. Peter made his appearance in front of the rostrum. He appears to have at once established his position by buying some of the pictures at prices which proved that he was not a customer to be forgotten. Peter, it is said, liked bad pictures, and persons could easily be found to grace his ambition in that peculiar respect, to its wildest extent. He could pay, and evidently did not stand for price. Why, then, should he not yield profit? Where else could he be taught to buy worse pictures for more money? So Peter was negotiating, not on a mere auction bidding only, but for the purchase of an entire collection of the true auction-room stamp. False circumstances were alleged to account for the sale, and fictitious names were given to the miserable dabblings. Peter—simple Simon Peter—paid for the £1,200 in cash and £1,000 more by bill. One little particular appears to have been omitted from the calculations of the vendor. No one buys a collection of pictures for his own exclusive enjoyment. The very first thing Mr. Peter might have been reasonably expected to do was to call in friends who really understood a little about pictures, and to exert over his marvellous purchase. Now, when once Mr. Peter had this, his eyes stood in a fair way of being opened. The public shortly heard of the entire matter, which took the form of a charge at Guildhall, of conspiracy, preferred against William Thomas Bony and Lucy Barns, one said to be the wife and the other the son of the renowned auctioneer. At the first hearing the prosecutor's counsel, Mr. Sleigh, adduced evidence in support of the case, and the prisoners were remanded on bail. A day or two after, a paragraph in the journals announced the removal of the famous "Peter collection" from the residence of its worthy proprietor. The glimpse thus afforded by a few spectators happening to be passing the mansion of Mr. Peter at the time, seems to have afforded some amusement. On the day appointed for proceeding with the case Mr. Peter did not attend. Mr. Sleigh, his counsel, warmly expressed his indignation at the absence of his client, and said that he had been informed that a corrupt settlement had taken place, and that if so, it was a gross injustice to the prosecutor's counsel and to his attorney, and injurious to the interests of public justice. The counsel for the prisoners also repudiated all share in the settlement as having been effected contrary to his advice. Mr. Alderman Wire (who must not, by the way, be considered as a Mr. Alderman, being, in fact, the chief of one of the lending law firms in the City) also denounced the alleged arrangement of the matter. It was of opinion that already there was sufficient evidence to justify sending the case for trial. If a compromise was intended, he said, there were other means of effecting it without making the magistrate the medium. The hearing was then adjourned for a week, and the bail increased to £500 for each prisoner.

During the holiday season, strange things periodically appear in the papers. We had had during the last week a seven-legged kitten, walking the "round of the press," after having been drowned in a washing-tub by its disgusted mother. The real murderer of the John family (see Rush superseded), is reported as having turned up at Gibraltar—a fact of which early intelligence has been duly forwarded to an anonymous tradesman at Manchester. An elderly couple died last week, one aged seventy, and the other either older or younger, we forget which. A cow, which appears to have been slaughtered by its owner for beef, is said to have displayed, upon a *post-mortem* examination, a miscellaneous collection of hardware, consisting of iron chains, flat irons, and large heavy stones in its stomach. In all these matters the reader may believe as much as he pleases. But amid all this dredging for newspaper ballast and *curiosities*, strange things always come up at this period. The London journals find room to report the carryings-on of the rustic magistrates, and here are a few of the results as exemplified during the past week. Enoch Brown, a farmer of Bucknall, was charged with a breach of the Lord's Day Act, in having harvested on a Sunday. It was proved that the wheat which he caused to be cut had been beaten down by rain; that clover was growing through it, and that it was beginning to sprout. All our country friends know that if wheat is allowed to sprout, it becomes utterly valueless for human food. To avoid this disaster was the only object of Mr. Brown's Sunday harvest; and by the only paid magistrate among his judges, it was admitted to be a sufficient reason. Three of the unpaid overruled this gentleman's objection, and Mr. Brown was fined 5s. and 12s. costs. Notice of appeal was given, for which Mr. Brown deserves some credit. A cook-maid, at Atherton, lived with a family in which lunch was not allowed. She, therefore, reserved a loaf out of the allowance at breakfast, expressing her intention of returning what she did not use. Her master found the loaf in one of his kitchen explorations, and the maid was charged with robbery. The magistrates committed her for one month. It is almost unnecessary to add that a clergyman was among the magistrates. Whenever a case of unusually close judgment occurs in a rural court, one may safely predicate that a clergyman sits on the bench. We cannot pretend to account for this; but it is clear that a person on the judgment-seat, is as much out of place as a lawyer would be in a pulpit. Two elderly maiden ladies, of unsullied reputation, found a labourer's furlough book in a field, and appropriated it, apparently from no other motive but that of a morbid magpie-like acquisitiveness. They were sentenced to be imprisoned in the county jail for one month each. Now, people passing such sentences as the two last-mentioned, are evidently ignorant of the first principle of the philosophy of punishment, namely, that its intention is simply repression. There is an old story of a man complaining of being sentenced to be hanged for stealing sheep. The judge replied, "You are hanged, not for stealing sheep, but that sheep may not be stolen." What possible influence upon the commission of crime can be induced by the imprisonment of two unmeaning "elderly maiden ladies," or of a hearty cook-maid, providing for her appetite under the roof of a stingy family, where luncheon is not allowed? At Bury, four poor persons were sentenced to two hours in the stocks in default of payment of 5s., and costs in each case, for having sold nuts and gingerbread on a Sunday! The act of which these sentences were passed is one of the "29th Charles II." The nearest historical tyro will see that the very date of the act is 1660. It is, perhaps, not every one of our readers who knows that in acts of Parliament, and other legal proceedings, that exemplary monarch is reckoned in the entire period of the Commonwealth (Oliver Cromwell notwithstanding) as portion of his own glorious reign!



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